



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

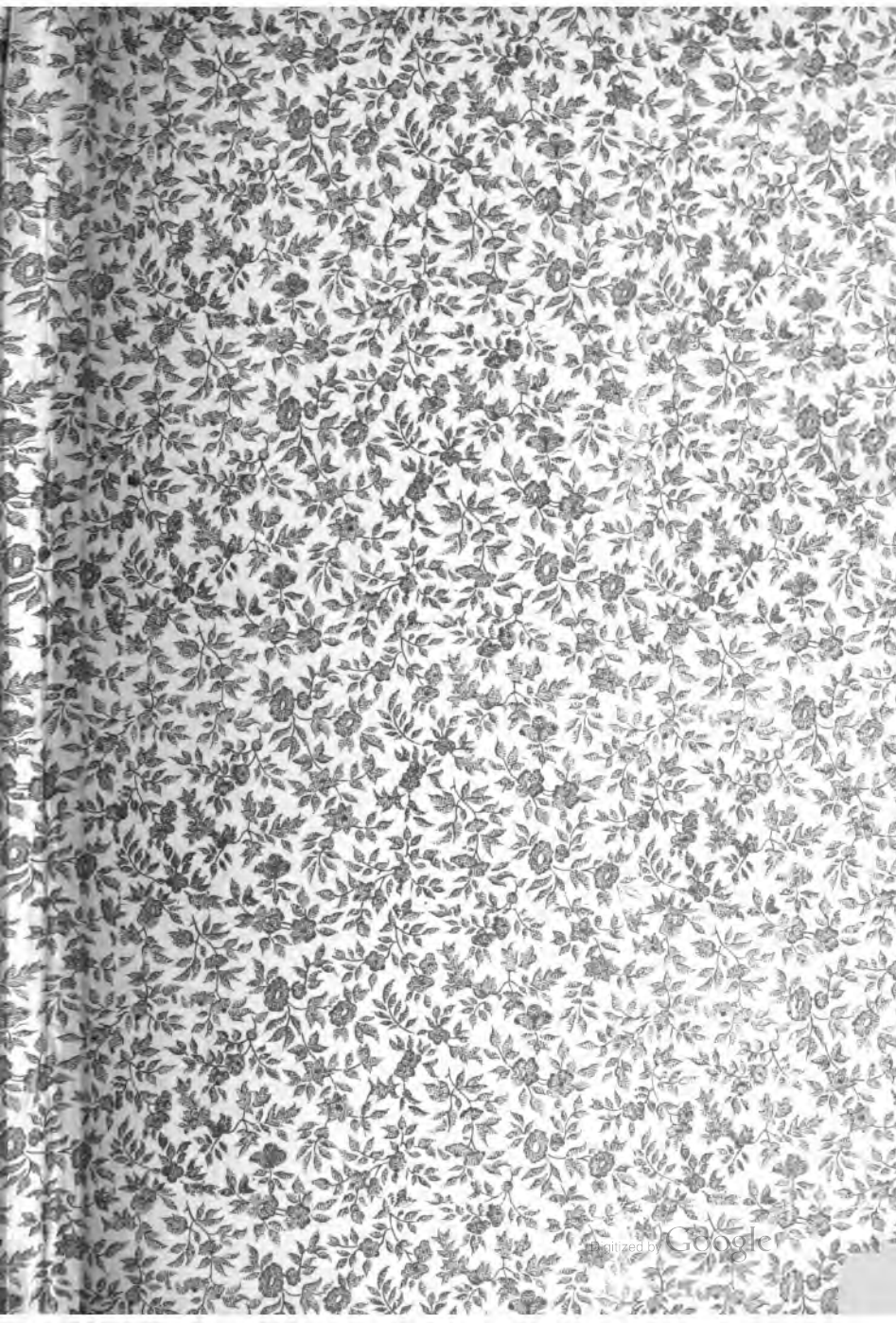
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

YB 08987

PROPERTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
GEORGIA



Rare
1800

8, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

*From Yellowstone Park to
Alaska.*



A BOAT RACE NEAR SITKA, ALASKA

BY FRANCIS C. SESSIONS

President of the Ohio Historical and Archæological Society



ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. WARREN

NEW YORK
WELCH, FRACKER COMPANY
1890

We are indebted to Chas. N. McFee, Esq., of the
Northern Pacific Railroad, for the use of a few of the
illustrations from photographs.

THE PUBLISHERS.

COPYRIGHT 1890 BY WELCH, FRACKER COMPANY

From Yellowstone Park to Alaska.

I.

THE JOURNEY FROM ST. PAUL WESTWARD.

OUR tour to Yellowstone Park and Alaska commenced at St. Paul. We passed through the beautiful country of Minnesota, with its ten thousand lakes and picturesque outlooks, and all along the road we saw the best growing corn that we had seen anywhere, of rich green color, already tasseled out, although it was but the twelfth of July. There was great complaint of a want of rain to save the spring wheat.

We passed through some of the largest wheat farms in the world, one farm of fifty thousand acres, the property of Mr. Dalrymple, interesting us particularly. It is a great curiosity to see the reaping and binding machines at work upon these immense farms.

Like the ranks of an advancing army, scores abreast, they circle about, covering immense tracts. Still it seems that there ought to be some law preventing so great an amount of our lands getting into the hands of such monopolies, who do not endeavor to enrich the soil, but to work it to the last degree. Our small farmers hold a conservative influence in our government, and such great landholders are detrimental to our best interests.

Bismarck, the capital of Dakota, is another flourishing city of twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, with its new State house and many public buildings and stores. At Mandan, just across the Missouri River from Bismarck, is the terminus of the Missouri and Dakota division of the Northern Pacific, and is on the wrong side of the river to compete successfully with Bismarck. Some Boston gentlemen built a number of handsome brick stores, which are liable to prove a bad investment, as they are not likely to be occupied. The lignite coal beds crop out west of here, and are of great value to Dakota and the railroad.

After passing many flourishing cities and villages, we come soon on to what is called

"Bad Lands," where we see the cattle upon a thousand hills feeding upon dead grass, which seems to nourish them, as they are fat and sleek. The great drouth is likely to have a serious effect on the cattle ranches this winter.

Medora is named after the wife of the Marquis de Mores, a wealthy French nobleman, who married an American lady, and has a residence and large slaughtering pens here, sending dressed meat east. His early experience in stock raising was not a success, and, to use the words of a ranchman, "He fooled away millions of his wife's money, thinking all he had to do was to stock the country and let them run." Almost every town has its daily papers, and here a cowboy came on to the train to sell "*The Bad Lands Cowboy*," at ten cents apiece. The publisher says in his prospectus, "Price, two dollars a year. We don't publish this for fun."

Montana is a great grazing country, and has as great a reputation for its stock as Dakota for its wheat. For many years, up to eighteen eighty-one and eighty-two, inclusive, this was the finest buffalo hunting country on the continent ; but the slaughter that season reached two hundred and fifty thousand

hides, and the buffalo is not seen any longer. We noticed on the sides of the railroads rings tramped on the ground, with a path around them. We supposed them to be some Indian relic, but were informed by a gentleman on the train, who was an old buffalo hunter, that when the cow is breeding, the bulls tramp around her, guarding her with jealous care, and changing off with other bulls from time to time until the calf can run about.

One new brick hotel has the name of "Gladstone" prominent where all travelers can see it, showing how popular the statesman is in the far West as well as throughout the civilized world.

We were glad to get to Livingstone, where we left for the Yellowstone country. The town of Livingstone, although but three years old, is flourishing and prosperous, with a newspaper and a national bank, the latter in the hands of a receiver, probably on account of the high rates of interest for loans from one and one-half to two per cent. per month, which fact ought to break any bank. The thermometer here is at one hundred and nine degrees in the shade. This fact causes us to hasten our journey to Yellowstone Park, where there was eighteen inches of snow on



CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

July fifteenth, and the day before it was snowing on the mountains.

The railroad only runs to the Park, as the government will not allow it to cross the border of the Park reservation. It now runs along the Yellowstone through the valley, between mountains some three thousand feet high, forming the lower cañon. We soon pass through a valley called Paradise, dotted here and there with the comfortable houses of the ranchmen. The high snow mountains soon come in view, "a panorama of stately domes constantly unfolding a succession of the grandest pictures." We soon enter the second cañon, with a narrower gorge, the sides rising almost perpendicularly over a thousand feet high, the scene presented very like some of the valleys of Switzerland. As we passed Cinnabar Mountain, with its broad strip of vermillion-colored rock, we come upon what is called the Devil's Slide, with walls hundreds of feet high, smooth and vertical, with bright red and brown interstreaked, presenting a beautiful contrast of brilliant colors. The heavy rains had swollen the Gardiner River, and heavy rocks had slid down, rendering impassable in places the mountain road. Everywhere we see evidences of vol-

canic eruptions ; the scene grows grander as we advance, and we begin to realize what wonders are in store for us during a week's stay in the Park. We see our first hot spring beside the river, and our driver, a rather facetious character, observes "that he has often caught trout in the river, and then thrown his line over into the hot spring and cooked them." This does not seem to be merely a stage driver's hallucination, but is vouched for by others. The prospect up the cañon was grand, indeed, but we soon were obliged to leave the top of the stage on account of the high wind, with forebodings of a cyclone. From the hot springs is visible the white formation which extends down the valley like a series of grand waterfalls struck into marble, with exquisitely filigreed terraces, which inspired us with a feeling of awe not unlike that which we felt upon beholding Niagara Falls for the first time. The terraces are fifteen hundred feet high, where we find beautiful pools, with scalloped edges, indented and fretted like the most perfect corals.

On the top we find a broad plateau several acres in extent, with hot springs of every description at hand. As the steaming water trickles from edge to edge over the white

brims of these successions of natural vessels, it presents a beautiful sight. Our attention was called to one spring on the summit where all the colors of the rainbow blended in most exquisite harmony ; others more composite, now turquoise blue, now red, now green and yellow—colors given the water by the mineral deposits beneath. We did not remain long, as night was approaching, and climbing was fatiguing. There are fourteen marvelous terraces from the top of which one can overlook them all ; but the altitude is such as to render breathing laborious.

The geysers in Yellowstone Park are frequently compared to the Te Tarata springs of New Zealand, where the basins have the same general form, but instead of being composed of calcereous material, are siliceous. The Te Tarata covers an area of about twelve acres, but the springs near Hierapolis resembling more these springs, though they are not so extensive. Passing along the cañon, we soon come upon the middle or “bridal falls,” described by some as of singular beauty and grace ; but with our minds absorbed by the unique beauty of the geysers, we scarcely esteemed them worthy of especial notice.

The ride through the cañon was especi-

ally refreshing, the thermometer at sixty degrees instead of at one hundred and nine, as on the Northern Pacific Railroad, a refreshing rain the night before adding freshness and invigoration to the mountain air, and we were exhilarated by the grand view of the mountains and lakes, coming every little while upon a beautiful open park, covered with flowers, whose green lawns were quite in contrast with the charred and blackened trees of the lower valleys. Larkspur, columbine, the hare-bell and the evening primrose grew wild in beautiful profusion, and though they claim that they have frosts every night, in the morning the blossoms are uninjured.

We stopped for dinner at Norris' Geyser Basin, quite in trim for the excellent dinner of mountain trout and Rocky mountain sheep, which was served us. Formerly the road passed over the mountains three thousand feet high, which required a day to ascend; but now we traveled over the road constructed by the government engineers, which passes through the cañon of Gardiner river. We met a large number of teams carrying lumber and provisions, and the skill of the driver was often taxed to the utmost in his endeavor to pass them on the narrow road; but the

drivers and teamsters are a happy lot, hailing each other with a good word. At one place where we came into collision, the teamster hailed our driver: "We will go into camp if we cannot pass." To which our driver replied: "Well, we'll have lots of water, wood and grass."

Our driver pointed out to us a herd of antelope, beautiful creatures, feeding in a meadow in the distance. Bears we did not see, and indeed very little large game. We stopped to take a drink from a lemonade spring, only wanting the sugar to make it very palatable. So many of the springs contain poisonous substances, that although the water looks limpid and clear, it is not safe to partake unless a sign is there denoting that the water has been subjected to chemical analysis. Along Beaver Lake, which was formed by the dams of the beavers, it is said, are the obsidian or volcanic glass cliffs, a species of lava, I doubt not, some two hundred feet high. Colonel Norris, late superintendent of the Park, found that he could not break the rocks by blasting, and being obliged to construct a road through them, built huge fires in the fissures, and when thoroughly heated, threw water upon them so as to fracture them.

We soon came to the Divide, and the beautiful "Lake of the Woods" by the roadside, where we see our first geyser. At the lower geyser basin is the famous fountain, which we were fortunate in seeing in motion, throwing the hot water fifty feet high, resembling some of the larger fountains in Versailles. It gave us warning by its rumble and roar, and we advanced cautiously. The springs and paint-pots are beautiful, indeed, the latter curiously named, of various colors, black, yellow, green, etc., that blubber away like an old-fashioned pudding pot of my boyhood's remembrance. One pool is fully twenty-five feet across, and looks like an enormous tub of white lead. We pass the Mammoth Geyser Basin, quite secluded in the wild wood, with here and there geysers that throw up water red as blood, others blue as turquoise, and others of mud. We ride along the cañon of the Gibbon river until we come to the Falls of the Gibbon, but we do not delay long here. Some stages come at the forks of the Firehole river, from the Salt Lake City route, coming from the Union Pacific by the Utah Northern; but they are obliged to ride over a hundred miles by stage, entering the Park at the wrong place, when we had only six miles to

drive to the Park by way of the Northern Pacific.

We come, after riding with springs and geysers in view in every direction, to "Hell's Half Acre," where is the largest geyser in the world, the famous Excelsior. Colonel Norris says that in eighteen hundred and eighty it showed its full power, elevating sufficient water to the height of from one hundred to three hundred feet to make the Firehole river a foaming torrent of steaming hot water, hurling rocks of ponderous weight like those thrown from an exploded mine, over the surrounding country. A telegram was received from the manager of the Yellowstone National Park Hotel, saying that there were strong indications yesterday that the great geyser on "Hell's Half Acre," is about to erupt. Strong convulsions were felt in the morning, shaking the houses at the falls, and on the upper and lower basins. Crockery and glassware were thrown from the shelves, and windows were broken. There is considerable apprehension that if there is an eruption, much damage will be done to the Park. We were disappointed not to see this remarkable geyser in one of its violent eruptions. It is too choice of its powers and, it is said, only plays when gen-

erals or presidents come to see it. The grand prismatic spring, with its beautiful tints of yellow, orange, red and green, repaid us well for the disappointment in not seeing the Excelsior in fuller eruption. Certainly this spring, revealing to us its many beautiful colors as through a perfect prism, is one of the most beautiful objects we have seen.

The Firehole river, fed by numerous hot streams, from every direction, is certainly rightly named. We were weary enough after this fifty-two mile ride, with our minds and eyes continually on the stretch to take in the wonders about us, and were glad to come in view of the hotel, overlooking the upper basin. Early in the morning we were called up to see the "Old Faithful" display, as it never fails, while the others cannot be relied upon. There is a long piazza extending around the hotel, and visitors sit and watch the geysers from this pleasant point of view. "The Castle," "The Bee Hive," "The Giantess," "The Saw Mill," "The Grand," "The Giant," and many others display successively their marvelous beauties, and from point to point the visitors rush to see the sights.

There are some four hundred hot springs and twenty-six geysers here. The names are



GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

given them from some peculiarity of natural construction, "Old Faithful," so named, no doubt, because it never fails at the appointed time of eruption. It is, perhaps, only a question of time when all these geysers will cease to erupt. When such a misfortune occurs it will take away one of the grandest attractions of the Park, although the magnificent scenery, the grand cañons, and the lakes and falls will remain forever. The upper geyser basin is about four miles square. The Firehole river runs through it, with forests and high mountains on either side. The formation is white, and the vast areas look like marble quarries, with steam and high eruptions issuing from the crevices. An Englishman, who was rather disappointed with America and its beauties evidently, was compelled to admit that these geysers were worthy a pilgrimage from England; but when his attention was called to the numerous hot springs, he could see no interest in them. He was greatly exercised because some ambitious young men had cut their names at the very base of "Old Faithful." He raised his voice, and, in a gruff tone, said: "It is most extraordinary, sir; most extraordinary." A wag in the

party replied: "Why, sir, I have seen the names of Lord Byron and Von Humboldt cut high on the Pyramids of Egypt!"—"A most extraordinary statement, sir; it cannot be true." According to his notion we have nothing here in America equal to Europe, with the exception of Niagara Falls, and the best view of them is from the Canada side.

We visited all the geysers, one by one. The natives do their washing in some of them, the linen coming out clean, but much the worse for wear, we fear. The "Bee Hive" is well named, resembling the thing with exactness. Even so the "Lion," the "Lioness and Two Cubs" resemble the living things in appearance, as from the continual growling which they keep up. "The Saw Mill" geyser should be called the "Rocket," as it resembles one in motion, though the noise is very like a saw mill. Each geyser exhibits its own graceful peculiarities, and no human hands could arrange jets to give a greater variety and beauty to the grand display.

We particularly enjoyed visiting the geysers with a party of scientists sent out by the Northern Pacific Railway to examine the springs with regard to their medicinal quali-

ties. The observations and discussions with an old traveler of our party, who is also something of a philosopher as well as a scientist, were highly interesting and instructive. Our first call was upon "Old Faithful," whose terrible rumbling was heard from a distance, and whose wonderful gush of water shot up at least one hundred and fifty feet, or higher, I suppose, than the spires of some of our city churches. As the wind drove away the steam from the boiling hot water, which stood in a solid column, we gazed in wonder on the grandeur which words failed to express. Our driver gave us an interesting story, which, of course, we were all expected to believe. In the winter, he says "that they place a toboggan over 'Old Faithful' geyser, and when there is an eruption it carries them to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, the stream freezes to ice, and they ride down and off into the country for miles." We spent the day in wonder and surprise, seated in the shade, theorizing upon the causes of these eruptions. They are not volcanic, but the result of chemical combinations, and probably extend all over the country as far as the hot springs of California. Some say that the geysers are failing in their power,

and it is predicted that they will soon become extinct ; but they will probably break out in new places.

The area of Yellowstone Park is over two million of acres. Its surface is, in a large part, rolling, with several groups and short ranges of mountains diversifying it. In the eastern part, extending its whole length, and forming the watershed between the Yellowstone and the Biglow, stand the rugged volcanic peaks of the Yellowstone Range. Nearly all the Park is covered with a dense growth of magnificent fine timber ; indeed, west of the one hundredth meridian there is no area so densely timbered, with the exception of Washington, now a state. The mean elevation of the Park above sea level is between seven and eight thousand feet, which implies too cold a climate to admit of agriculture, except in certain very limited localities. It is safe to say that not more than one per cent. of this ever can, by any possibility, be used for agricultural purposes. Except along the northern border, grazing land exists only in small patches of a few acres each. There are not, so far as known, any mines or mineral deposits within the Park.

During the months of June, July and Au-

gust the climate is pure and most invigorating, with scarcely any rain or storms of any kind ; but the thermometer frequently sinks as low as twenty-six degrees. There is frost every month in the year.

All through the Park are numerous hot springs, which are adorned with decorations more beautiful than human art ever conceived, and which have required thousands of years for the cunning hand of nature to form.

Congress acted promptly on the recommendation of Dr. F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist, who explored this region, relative to this reservation for a National Park, in eighteen seventy-one and eighteen seventy-two. It would not have been possible at any subsequent period to have reserved it, for it would have been taken possession of under the preëmption laws of the United States. To Dr. Hayden are we indebted for this grand National Park, which will be visited more and more by our own people and by travelers from distant parts of the world to see the geysers and the grandest scenery in the world.

The greater part of the surface of the Park consists of high rolling plateaus, broken by

stream beds, cliffs and cañons. Several small groups of mountains diversify the surface; among them the Red Mountains in the southern part, rising seven thousand feet above the general level, or more than ten thousand feet above the sea; and the Washburn group near the middle of the Park. The eastern border of the Park is occupied by a high rugged range, to which has long been attached the name of Yellowstone Range. Index Peak, the highest measured in this range, exceeds eleven thousand seven hundred feet in height. In the northeastern corner of the Park is the southern extremity of the Gallatin Range, culminating in Electric Peak, a magnificent summit, eleven thousand one hundred and thirty-five feet above the sea, which overlooks almost the whole Park.

There are several lakes, the Yellowstone, Shoshone, Lewis and Heart. The shores of the Yellowstone Lake are generally flat, and timber-covered meadows occur at rare intervals. From the summit of Mount Washburn we have a grand comprehensive view of the Grand Cañon. The apparently bottomless gorge may be traced from its head, at the Great Falls to Junction Valley, a distance of

nearly twenty miles. The depth of the cañon is from eight hundred to one thousand two hundred feet, and the width is almost as uniform as the depth. The cañon is without doubt entirely one erosion, and has been cut by the waters of the Yellowstone river since the flow of the Tertiary, and probably very greatly since the conglomerate forming era. The Yellowstone rushes down from the Great Falls, forming one of the wildest torrents that the world can show.

There are glaciers in the neighborhood of the Teton Mountains, at elevations much below twelve thousand feet, and in the midst of glacial times descended in immense sheets to four thousand and five thousand feet. It would, therefore, be a matter of surprise if traces of glaciers were not found here, not only in the high valleys, but upon surfaces of the broad plateaus of the Park.

John Coulter was the first white man who ever saw any of the springs or geysers in this wonderful region. He was connected with Lewis and Clark's expedition, and on their return, in eighteen hundred and six, left the expedition to go back to the headwaters of the Missouri to trap and hunt. After a narrow escape from the Black-feet Indians, he

lived for some time with the Bannock Indians, who ranged through the country in which the Park is located. In eighteen hundred and ten he returned to St. Louis, and told wonderful tales of the region, which were not believed. "Coulter's Hell" was the term afterwards applied to the region by the hunters and trappers who heard of it from him, but had never been there. As far back as eighteen hundred and forty-four, James Bridger, one of the best and most noted of Rocky Mountain guides, is said to have described some of the wonderful springs and geysers, but his stories were supposed to be made out of whole cloth, and, although it is said, he endeavored to get some of the western newspaper men to publish some of his tales, they were so marvelous that no one would do it. Bridger, in one of his recitals, described an immense boiling spring, that is a perfect counterpart of the geysers of Iceland. As he was uneducated, and probably had never heard of the existence of such natural marvels elsewhere, there is no doubt but that he spoke of what he had actually seen. In eighteen hundred and seventy the Washburn party explored the region, and two of its number described its wonders in magazine articles.



OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

II.

THE "UNEXPLORED COUNTRY."—THE BEAUTIES OF YELLOWSTONE PARK.

DURING the summers of eighteen hundred and seventy-one and seventy-two, the geological survey of the territories, under Dr. Hayden, made their explorations of the Park, and gave the world the first scientific account of the region. Within the limits of the Park are the sources of two of our largest rivers, viz., the Missouri and Columbia.

We have had a great desire to visit the wonderful country, which was put down in our earlier geography as "Unexplored Country," ever since we read Dr. Hayden's report of his explorations of the Yellowstone in eighteen hundred and seventy or seventy-two, published by Congress, and sent us by Hon. S. S. Cox, then our representative in Congress. Through Dr. Hayden's influence this country was devoted by Congress, in eighteen hundred and seventy-two, to the purposes of a National Park, under the control of the

Secretary of the Interior, represented by a superintendent, whom we met at Mammoth Hot Springs, and who kindly aided us by offering to give us letters to his assistants on our route, to assist us through the Park. His men protect and carry out the law of Congress, which forbids the destruction, defacing or removal of any natural object of interest, however small; and who protect the game, any violation being punished by a fine or imprisonment, or both. To avoid trouble, not the least formation or petrification should be removed.

The name, "Yellowstone Park," does not seem an appropriate one to us, and many persons get a wrong impression of this country by the name Park. It is fifty-five miles long and sixty-five miles wide, and contains three thousand five hundred and seventy-five square miles, and is nearly as large as the State of Connecticut, situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, about one thousand miles from St. Paul on the east, and about the same from Portland, Ore., on the west. It is in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana Territories, nearly in the north-western part of the first named.

Our ride from the Upper Geysers was a

most enjoyable one. We were obliged to return to the Lower Geyser basin and take a temporary road across the country. We pass over a diversified country, with picturesque mountain scenery, ascending the hills by a rough road of ten miles. At the top of the mountain we look back upon a grand panorama of mountains and valleys overlooking the Yellowstone Lake and the Yellowstone Park, and upon the Rocky Mountains, with the snow upon their tops. Not often do you witness a grander view. We come suddenly upon several small lakes, nestling in among the evergreens. One is called "Mary's Lake," which I admire on account of its being the name of the dearest friend I have on earth. We soon see more hot springs in the distance, and come to Sulphur Lake, which smells strongly of brimstone. Alum Creek is one of the small streams which flow into the Yellowstone, and out of its banks come red-hot, hissing springs of water, impregnated with alum, which gives it a green color. We see scarcely any game on the way, but one of the superintendents, whom we have for a passenger, shows us where a herd of elks had to be driven from the road so that the wagon could pass; and

last spring when they were building the road near the obsidian cliffs, the snow was so deep that they had to take their men away. They left one man to guard their provisions in a tent. At night two bears paid him a visit, and he climbed up the pole of the tent, cut a hole in the top and caught hold of the limb of a tree, from where he saw the bears helping themselves to the hams, etc. In the morning they departed. Before night he expected their return and climbed a tree, and surely enough they came. He shot one, and in the morning was glad enough to return to his companions, telling them that he did not care to watch any longer, and finally told them the reason. They returned the next day and hunted the other bear until they shot him.

As we pass the divide we go down the mountain and come out upon beautiful parks, interspersed with green fir trees and covered with beautiful flowers and green grass, as handsome as if laid out by a landscape gardener. We saw some of the most beautiful Norway spruce trees we had ever seen, except in Norway.

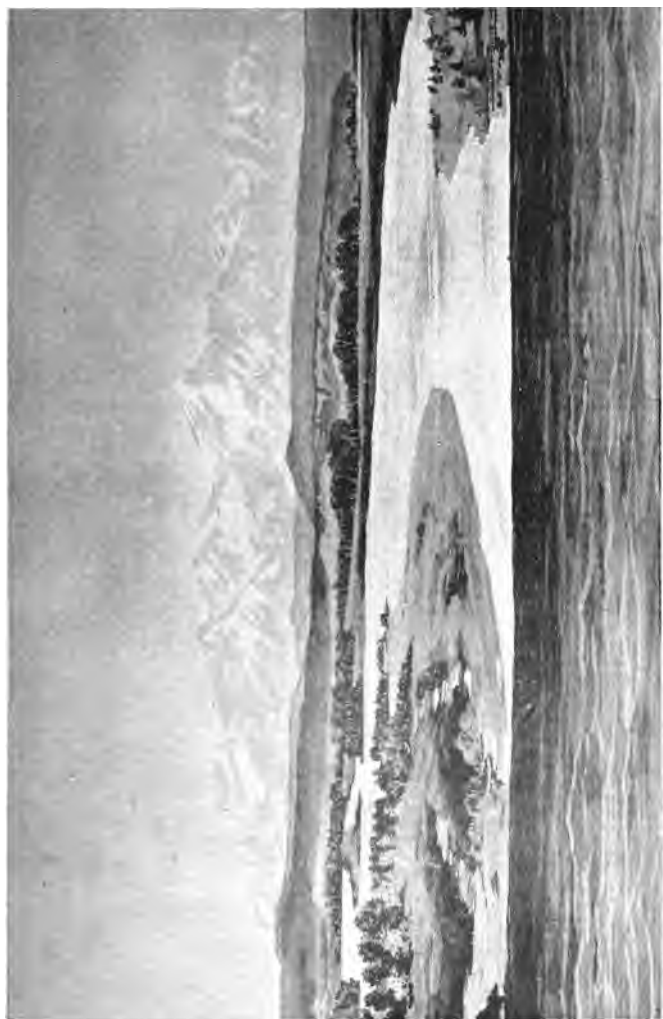
We see Sulphur Mountains in the distance, and are told pure sulphur could be got from

them in great quantities, which shows itself in heaps of bright yellow crystals. We soon come upon the Yellowstone River, swiftly running to the cañon, with its clear, limpid water. A storm has been threatening us, and all at once we had use for our rubber overgarments, as there was no cover to the wagon, and great hailstones were rained upon us with too much force for our comfort, and we lose somewhat the view of the rapids in the approach of the upper falls of the Yellowstone. The scenery is grand, but we are glad to get to the temporary hotel, and dry ourselves by the warm stove and get a good dinner. We start out at once for the lower falls, through the mud, to get a view, and are well paid. Determined to get up at five o'clock in the morning and see the falls and the Yellowstone grand cañon, we get a good night's sleep, with plenty of blankets over us, and are ready with Mrs. S. for a six-mile tramp. We were fortunate in providing ourselves with patent mosquito net galashes, as the mosquitoes and flies were terrible—the largest we ever saw, and terribly in earnest. Some one told us that there were seventeen different kinds of flies in the Park, and that “many of them weighed a pound.”

We reach, with difficulty, "Lookout Point," and are disappointed at the view on account of the fog. We wait, amusing ourselves at throwing stones at the eagle's nest, full of young eagles, which the old ones are guarding, and giving us warning by their screeches and cries. It is on a high tower by the side of the cañon, in just such a place as you would expect an eagle's nest. Soon we are delighted to see the sun disperse the fog, and a grand scene commands our view. We look in one direction, and the sun shines upon the grand cañon, with its different colored sides, many hued, bright and shining, as the sun shows himself upon them through the fog. The Arkansas cañon was splendid, but lacks the bright-colored sides of the rocks which reveal a different color as you pass the eye down the cañon, one thousand to one thousand two hundred feet deep, and the same size across the top, with the little stream of the Yellowstone, as it looks to us, which comes dashing down from the lower falls. We turn to the right, and see the falls of the Yellowstone, about three hundred and fifty feet high. We are on a precipice, and we grow dizzy as we cast our eyes down, and my wife cautions me to step back ; but having a

steady head, I do not fear, as I am entranced by the view of so many colors, like the colors of the rainbow. On the summit of the cañon we see in the distance projecting rocks looking like some old castles on the Rhine, one especially like Heidelberg Castle, another like a pulpit, with the preacher in earnest delivering his sermon. We look in wonder, and regret to leave ; and, as we return, step out upon the projections and cliffs on the way to get different views of the grand cañon and falls. It is delightful to walk up and down the trail beside the cañon, which is twenty miles long. We are higher than Mt. Washington, and the air is so clarified that it is difficult to breathe, and we cannot walk rapidly without resting. After rain, the air is cool and invigorating, and a six-mile tramp gives us a good appetite. We are disappointed in not finding upon the table some of the mountain trout, which are so plenty in the Yellowstone. One of the boys stopping at the hotel in a few minutes caught a string of twenty-five to thirty, and the cook gave us what remained after their meal. Here they give us ham, salt meat, etc., when we all would like so much better the trout, which can be had so readily. We take another look at the

upper falls, which are not so high as the lower falls. It falls one hundred and fifty feet, and cannot be painted from its peculiar scenery and associations. It is more picturesque and beautiful than the lower. These falls add great beauty to the scene. Either the cañon or the falls alone would be grand, but when seen together make one of the most charming, awe-inspiring scenes in the world, and I have to yield my often expressed opinion that the "Yosemite Valley" stood out in all its glory beyond anything else in nature as God's grandest display of overpowering grandeur and inexpressible beauty. But these equal it, although it is difficult to compare them with the Yosemite; both are beyond human description. All the descriptions I have read do not begin to equal the real sight to a lover of the sublime. There is nothing in the wide world like these two scenes. Not Niagara Falls, which plunges from only half the height of these falls, although the volume of water is far greater, but it lacks the surroundings to give it the highest place among those glorious works which God has made for his people to wonder at and think of His almighty power. We leave here with regret, and take our wagon fourteen miles in a



YELLOWSTONE RIVER AND CRAZY MOUNTAINS.

new road cut through the pine forests, just wide enough to go pass, and when we met a wagon we were obliged to get out and cut down trees to let it turn out for us. Our ride is to Norris' Basin. On the way we get a view of Mount Washburn and some of the mountains near the lake. We did not visit the lake, as there is no steamer there from which we could see its beauty, and we are told that it does not equal Lake George or Como, and next year the Park Association expects to have a road there, a steamboat on the lake, and a hotel. The mountains are not equal to those of Switzerland, but, altogether, where in the wide world can anyone see such geysers, hot springs, cañons, falls, lakes, mountains and picturesque scenery? Our government ought to appropriate sufficient to make good roads, and give such protection worthy of so grand a reservation, so that all can enjoy it.

We met our friend, the grumbling Englishman, who complains "that this is not a park, and that there is nothing here worth notice but the geysers and cañons." He asked me: "Who gave those stupid names to the geysers?" I replied that I thought that they derived their names from some peculiar

appearance connected with each one. I asked him: "What do you think of Yellowstone Lake?" He said: "I did not visit it. The lake was nothing but a body of water surrounded by land, which one could see anywhere without coming so far." This is a grand lake, with numerous mountains around it, each near eleven thousand feet high, and three more, each about ten thousand feet high, besides, in the Park twenty-five others quite high. Yet these mountains and lakes are nothing to our Englishman, and he was terribly disappointed that the geysers did not all go off for his benefit. We did not have time to visit the Hoodoo Mountains, which are east of the Park, on account of our steamer sailing from Puget Sound on the twenty-sixth. Those who have visited these mountains say that they are of great altitude, very wild and difficult of access, and full of petrified forests and Rocky Mountain sheep. We will have to wait visiting this country until another time. From the protection given the wild animals and birds in the Park by the government, the Park must eventually be full of elk, antelope, big horn sheep, foxes, coyotes, badgers, otter, beaver, mink, rabbit, squirrels, etc. We saw but few, as at

this time of year they go to the mountains. What we did see were comparatively tame. We asked the superintendent if we should be allowed to kill a bear, if one approached. He replied, cautiously, "don't let the bear hurt you."

III.

THE RETURN FROM THE PARK.—THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—HELENA.—THE BEAUTIES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

OUR return from the tour of the Yellowstone Park was devoid of interest, and we were glad to get a good rest at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where we found letters and papers waiting us from home. We return to Livingstone and continue our journey on the splendidly equipped cars of the Northern Pacific Railroad, with its elegant buffet cars, where one can get as good a meal as at most hotels, and at reasonable rates. The road is so smooth, but little motion is observed, and the ride is a pleasant one, except in this hot, dry, dusty season. We found it much more comfortable at home, when we expected as we got further north to find cooler weather. West of Livingstone the scenery is much more interesting than east. We come to Gallatin, where the rivers Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin come

into one channel, forming the Missouri river. The scenery here is grand, as the waters pass through the wild and rocky cañon; and here begins the Missouri river, the greatest in the United States, nearly four thousand five hundred miles long. We soon come to Helena, the capital of Montana, where we are met at the depot by Rev. Frank D. Kelsey and family. The Rev. Mr. Kelsey is pastor of a prominent church here, the Congregational, and is highly spoken of as a successful, able minister. One of the millionaire cattle dealers here said: "They did not need any ministers here, but it was a good place for Mr. Kelsey's promising boys." Helena is said to be one of the wealthiest places, *pro rata*, in the United States. There are five or six millionaires, and we were shown several private residences costing from forty thousand to sixty thousand dollars. Even some of the ministers take a hand in mining stocks. One made one thousand five hundred dollars, and was so elated that he put his own and his wife's money on a venture, and lost it all. Helena has a population of ten thousand. It is near some of the best gold and silver mines in the country; within twenty-five miles there is said to be three thousand quartz

mines. One mine was sold lately to English capitalists for one million five hundred thousand dollars. This territory is as valuable and noted for its grazing lands as Dakota for its wheat lands, and many fortunes have been made in the cattle business ; as many millionaires have made their fortunes in the latter business as by mining. Mr. Kelsey pointed out an old mine where gold to the value of thirty million dollars had been taken out.

We pass through the Flathead Indian reservation for many miles and see the Indians at the stations, some of the babes with a board pressed to the top of the head to flatten it. We pass some beautiful lakes, and are glad to ride along a rapid river, called Clark's Forks. The scenery is quite in contrast with the dry fields covered with sage bush, and this river is an oasis in this barren-looking country, and the scenery is quite picturesque as we wind along the stream. We stop at Spokane Falls, the first town of importance on the road in Washington, on a river of the same name, with splendid water power, and a thriving, growing city. It had more the appearance of life and energy, judging by the business about the station and in the distance, than any place we have seen.

In Italy at the stations our car conductors give us five notes of warning before leaving the station, but on this road they do not seem to give one, and one of the ladies, formerly a citizen of Columbus, now of New York, was left, and we had great difficulty to get the conductor to stop the train for her. By being threatened and cajoled, he stopped, but would not run back to the station, and we were glad to see a dog-cart driven by a young lady, whom we had seen drive up to the station with two other young, handsome-looking girls, evidently to take a look at the people in the cars as they passed ; when the one driving saw our lady friend had been left behind, she said : "Girls, get out, quick," and politely offered her services to overtake the train, which was accepted, and we were glad to see them coming with all speed. A five dollar bill was offered her for her kind deed, but she declined to take it, with a vigorous shake of the head. We gave the young lady in the dog-cart three cheers, which made the welkin ring.

We leave the cars early next morning at "The Dalles," to take steamer for Portland, which is one hundred and ten miles distant by river. We are delighted to get "where

rolls the Oregon." The Columbia river is noted for its grand scenery, and our expectations are more than realized. It is navigable over seven hundred miles. "The Dalles" is a beautiful town, with many home-like residences, with well-kept grounds. From here a large amount of fruit is shipped east. Columbia river is full of salmon, and they have a sort of patent floating fish-wheel which scoops them up in great numbers. They say "one fisherman caught so large a quantity that he could not dispose of them, and had to haul five tons on to his fields for compost." We saw some salmon weighing from thirty to fifty pounds, which were selling at two cents per pound. The scenery going down the river is grand, and as the river changes we come suddenly upon something new to attract our attention. In the middle of the river is an island used by the Indians to bury their dead. They build huts, into which they throw their dead bodies, and when full, build others.

We ride about fifty miles and take cars around the Cascades, six miles, and then take another steamer fifty-five miles down the river. Our attention is soon called to a grand old snow-covered mountain as it lifts its peak



THE TETON RANGE, SNAKE RIVER.

high above the river. It is Mount Hood, eleven thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet high, and we see it all the way to Portland, together with Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens, all the same height, looking so grandly, covered with snow-white glaciers, and we occasionally see beautiful waterfalls. We were glad at Portland to get an oil painting by a celebrated local artist of Mount Hood and Muttnowah and Latourelle Falls. We pass old Fort Vancouver. Now there is a thriving village here and large military barracks station. We soon leave the beautiful Columbia river, which goes on to the Pacific ocean, and come upon the Willamette river, whose scenery is not so grand, but picturesque and beautiful. In the distance we see Portland, situated upon rising ground from the river, which gives a good view of the beautiful High School building, costing one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and of many of the costly private dwellings located upon the hill-side. Crowning all is a most picturesque park, with its pine and fir trees and deep ravine and glades, a spot which nature has adorned in its most generous way for such a purpose. Portland is a handsome city, with more fine stone blocks of stores

than any city of its size we have ever seen. The city has about sixty thousand population and has a business-like appearance, and, it is said, there are fifteen or twenty millionaires here. On a clear day you can see from the park five or six snow-crowned mountains. Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Adams, St. Helens and Tacoma. No more grand mountains can be seen anywhere. They seem to start out by themselves and invite you to gaze upon them, and you never tire of the sight. Portland is one hundred miles from the Pacific ocean, and some predict that Tacoma, on Puget Sound, will be the great city of the Pacific coast, when Alaska shall have developed her great resources.

We stop here to spend the Sabbath, expecting to take steamer for Port Townsend, opposite Victoria, British Columbia, on the San Juan de Fuca Strait, and from there the steamer Idaho for Alaska. Tacoma is a growing city, with a first-class hotel, costing two hundred thousand dollars, a fine building erected by the Board of Trade. Indeed, I have never seen outside the great cities their equal. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars was spent here last year for water-works, and with its fine Episcopal semi-

nary for young ladies, costing two hundred thousand dollars, its public school buildings and college, and its location at the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, its excellent harbor, where the largest ocean vessels can ride, has a great future before it, and may become a great city.

As we sat on the veranda of the Tacoma, our attention was called to a grand sight of a snow mountain, lifting its tall peak through the smoky sky, and surprised us with its lofty grandeur and beauty. It was Mount Tacoma, fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four feet high. We have seen no such mountain in America, and it reminds us of Mount Blanc as we saw it when the clouds suddenly lifted above it and revealed it in all its glory and majesty. Fifteen glaciers are said to be on it, and a visit to it is worth the journey of three thousand miles. Our Englishman softened a good deal as we sat together and gazed upon the scene. He said, with enthusiasm, "That is worth a journey from London to see!"

IV.

TACOMA.—THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY, AND INTERESTING SURROUNDINGS.

TACOMA is beautifully located on an arm of Puget Sound. We rode about the city, and were delighted with the many handsome homes, surrounded with vines and flowers. We never saw more beautiful roses and honeysuckles, running in great profusion over the verandas and porches of the houses. The climate is never very cold, but extremely wet in the winter. The lumber trade is an important branch of industry, and one saw-mill can cut two hundred and forty thousand feet of boards in one day—perhaps the largest lumber-mill in the United States. The whole city is well laid out on rising ground overlooking Puget Sound, and in the distance Mount Tacoma. This grand old mountain on one side, and Puget Sound on the other, give splendid scenery. There is quite a contest between the people of Tacoma and some of the rival towns in regard to the

name which the mountain should bear. On our way from Portland we came in view of a mountain which they called Rainier. I never had heard of the name, and asked, "When we should see Mount Tacoma?" No answer was given. It seems the other towns who claim an interest in the grand old mountain, and are jealous of Tacoma, prefer Rainier, after an old French navigator. The Tacoma people claim that Tacoma is the old Indian name, and means "soaring toward heaven." Many of the towns and rivers retain their Indian names, which are more appropriate than any high-sounding name of old cities and towns.

There are few points on the American continent that can rival Oregon for grand and imposing scenery. The lofty peak of Mount Hood, like a magnificent Egyptian pyramid sheeted in snow, and set upon an immense green wall, is the most beautiful mountain on the Pacific coast, if symmetry of form be regarded as an element in beauty; and in height and massiveness it is surpassed only by Mount Tacoma, fourteen thousand, four hundred and forty-four feet high. The great sugar loaf of Mount Saint Helena, though on the Washington side of the Columbia

River, belongs to the scenery of Oregon, as well as that of the neighboring territory, and so does Mount Adams. All three of these glittering peaks, as well as the summit of Mount Tacoma far in the north, and of Jefferson on the southern horizon, we saw from the beautiful park rising above Portland on the south. The lower peaks and ranges of the Coast and Cascade Mountains, and the California and Siskiyou Mountains in southern Oregon, present to the eye a thousand pleasing outlines.

In the grandeur of its shores the Columbia ranks first of American rivers. Its current is as impetuous as that of the Mississippi; its mountain walls and palisades are far loftier than those of the Hudson; cataracts like those of the Yosemite Valley dash over its basaltic cliffs. The Maltnomah Falls, Columbia River, are nine hundred feet high, and the Gatouroll Falls are equal to Yosemite or Nevada Falls. We took steamer at the Dalles, where the Columbia buries itself in a profound crevice, whose depth has never been fathomed, showing of its surface only as much as can be compassed by a stone's throw; at Astoria it becomes a broad tidal estuary, whose farther shores lie in dim dis-

tance ; at the Cascades it is a foaming head-long torrent ; at the mouth of the Willamette it is a placid lake, encircling many green islands. The Willamette has an emerald-green current, and flows between gentle slopes, through farms and woodlands, past orchards and pretty villages—a placid and idyllic stream, save where it leaps down forty feet in one bound at its falls, and makes a small Niagara of white foam and rainbow-tinted spray.

My time is too limited to tell you of the beautiful city of Portland, with its picturesque park and cemetery overlooking the surrounding country, with its snow-capped mountains and the rivers in view. One can see here all the grandeur and loveliness in landscapes that mountains, rivers, valleys, waterfalls, lakes and ocean can give, a combination of Switzerland, New England and Norway. Washington possesses a great multitude of harbors, perhaps more than any other country of equal extent on the globe. Puget Sound, which has an average width of two miles, and a depth never less than eight fathoms, runs one hundred miles inland. Captain Wilkes says: "I venture nothing in saying there is no

country in the world that possesses water equal to this."

We took steamer from Tacoma for Port Townsend, across Puget Sound, where we took the steamer Idaho for Alaska. Tacoma is a delightful city, with a splendid harbor, and no doubt when the Northern Pacific Railroad finish their road from Pasco on the main line, a distance of two hundred and forty miles to Tacoma, on Puget Sound, and all their shops are removed here, with their great interest in Tacoma's prosperity, this will be one of the large cities on Puget Sound.

When the lumber interests shall fail in Michigan and Wisconsin, as they will at no far distant day, this great country can supply the country for many years, and Michigan lumber dealers are already investing largely in forest lands on Puget Sound. A great city is to arise on these shores, and Tacoma, Port Townsend, and Seattle are each claiming that there are special reasons why it should be the great city of the future.

We remained two days at Port Townsend, and were delighted with the place and its commercial advantages. It is the port of entry for the Puget Sound district, and has a large trade with vessels coming in and

with the islands on the sound. After breakfast we took a stroll through the town, and were surprised at its large and beautiful stores and fine stone building occupied by the First National Bank. We then walked up the long steps leading to the residences, and had a fine view of the harbor, and the Olympian on the right and Cascade Snow Mountains on the left, with Mount Rainier and Mount Adams towering above them all in majestic glory. The citizens of Tacoma say that Tacoma is the original Indian name, and that Rainier was a drunken Frenchman, who had charge of a company of marines on the ship commanded by Vancouver, the great navigator, who discovered this region, and gave his name to Vancouver Island. Puget was mate on the vessel, and from him came the name Puget Sound.

Fort Townsend is in full view across the bay. We were met by the health officer of the port, Doctor Minkler, formerly of Oberlin, Ohio, and when he learned we were from Ohio, we were no longer strangers, but taken to his home to dine, and driven in his carriage about the place, which is on a high eminence, from which you can see Seattle and Victoria, the latter in British Columbia,

across the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, forty miles way. We never saw better corn, potatoes, fruit and vegetables than here. One man, on about three hundred square feet of ground, had raised enough in five or six years to pay for the ground, a good house and out-buildings, and the living of his family. His fruit—cherries, pears, apples and small fruits—and his vegetables were splendid. He raised strawberries, fourteen of which weighed a pound. From this ground the fir trees were cut, proving that the soil on which grow this kind of trees produces as well as any soil.

Seattle is an enterprising city of ten thousand population, and seems to have more life than the other places here, and is building a canal from the Sound to Lake Union, about three miles, so that they can take vessels from the Sound to a fresh-water lake, which at once takes off the barnacles from the bottoms of the ships, saving a great expense of cleaning them off. The place is noted for the operations of a mob on the Chinese, who attempted to drive them off, but were prevented by a police force made up of the best citizens, including business men, clergymen and other professional men. One of the mob

was killed and several wounded. The mob finally raised two thousand dollars to pay the fare of the Chinese to San Francisco, at ten dollars per head. When the Judge of the United States Court heard of the movement, he directed all the Chinese to be brought before him, and told them "that all who chose to go of their own free will could go; all that chose to remain should be protected to the extent of the law," and United States soldiers were sent for to protect them. About one-half remained. As a result, house servants and laundry work have doubled their wages, and they would be glad to have them return.

Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, the capital of British Columbia, is a fine specimen of an old English town, of about seven thousand five hundred population, with splendid roads in every direction, which makes the drives about the city a delight, together with the well-kept home-like residences, embowered in honeysuckles, roses and other flowers, which made the place look more like California, which is remarkable, considering it is in latitude forty-eight degrees twenty-five minutes north; about the same latitude as the Straits of Labrador, or about five hundred

miles north of Columbus, Ohio. After waiting two days for our steamer, the Idaho, we are at last on our way to Alaska.

Our route to Alaska lies through an inland passage all the way for about twelve hundred miles, only passing out into the Pacific Ocean a few hours. The scenery is much like that of the coast of Norway and the Baltic and Gulf of Finland, but more grand, with the mountains on either side, covered with pine, fir, hemlock, cedar and spruce, rising from the shores to the height, in some places, of from five to ten thousand feet, and all the way snow-covered mountains, and waterfalls, with rivers from glaciers flowing many miles to the sea. This inland passage extends to Chilkat, Alaska, for about twelve hundred miles. There are numerous straits, channels, sounds, inlets and rivers running out in every direction, and every few miles we come suddenly upon some fresh surprise of sublime beauty of scene. At Wright's Sound we can look in every direction, and see bays and inlets coming in through the mountains to a central point, rendering the scene one of unusual grandeur. Our good steamer moves along so quietly through the smooth water that we can hardly realize that we are

in motion What a tour for rest for the weary! No telegrams, no borrowers, no beggars, no bores, no mails, no newspapers for many days. After passing Vancouver's Island, the largest in this vicinity, and which the British have not yet explored, we pass through a large number of islands, those at the right called San Juan Islands. We meet at Nanimo, the coaling station, the steamer Anchor, from Alaska, and in the beautiful bay, when a cannon is fired, fourteen distinct echoes are counted as they reverberate among the mountains. We meet a number of canoes with Indians on their way probably to Victoria; when one of the ladies attempts to turn the camera upon one of the canoes with three Indian women, they paddle out of the way as fast as possible. We sail up Naha Bay and stop at Loring, to take on a quantity of barrels of salmon. There is a fishing and packing establishment here, under the direction of a Cincinnati man. He expects to ship two thousand barrels of salmon this summer. He caught and packed three thousand; one hundred in one day; and could have caught five thousand, if he could have packed them. The salmon cost him about one cent apiece, averaging eight pounds

each. There are a number of Indian men and women at work washing and preparing them for salting, which is done rapidly, as if they were experts at the business. The men receive one dollar and fifty cents per day and the women one dollar. Anyone who doubts the Indian's willingness to work should see these industrious people. The superintendent says he has more applicants than he can employ.

We take a boat through the rapids to a beautiful little lake, called Adorable Lake, after Miss Dora Belle Miller, daughter of the late Senator Miller, of California, who visited here last year. Our Captain, who is a Swede, piloted our boat over the rapids and around the lovely little lake to the falls of Naha river, showing us the salmon traps across the river. When the tide comes in they are washed down the river, when it goes out the passage-way is stopped up, and they are easily scooped up.

In the morning early we find ourselves at Fort Wrangell, an old Indian town, formerly the port to the Cassian mines, which are not now worked, and only a few whites remain, with a Presbyterian Missionary Station, with one missionary, Rev. Mr. Young, who has

been here seven years, and has a church of over fifty members, all Indians. Mr. Young is Post-master also ; we were there on Sunday and the missionary had to give up church service to open the mail. There are public schools, under the care of the Government, and a training school, under the charge of Mrs. Young, who is enthusiastic in her work, and has just procured a team of horses for the farm (the first ever here), by her efforts among her friends in Portland. There is a farm of fifteen hundred acres connected with the station, raising potatoes, turnips, etc. Mr. Young informed us that one thousand acres could be cut with a mower. They intend to demonstrate that there is good soil in Alaska for farming purposes. Governor Swinford, Governor of Alaska, went on shore with us, and added a free man to the town, by freeing a slave. The Indians in Alaska make slaves of their prisoners of war, and also of the children who have lost their parents, or when they can capture one. This man who was freed was stolen from Victoria when a boy of nine years ; his master had sent him with a canoe, gun and blankets on some errand to his fishing-place, and he escaped, and was overtaken by his

master at Wrangell. The Justice of the Peace took the master prisoner, knowing the Governor was coming, and this delightful Sunday morning he was given his emancipation papers, with the great seal of the Government attached, which the Indians always respect; they gave him the canoe, gun and blankets, and sent him free about one thousand miles to Victoria, where he was captured so many years ago.

The Indians live in comfortable log houses covered with boards. Some of them are painted and are quite comfortable, set up on piles, with only one room, with a raised platform on one side of the room for seats, there are no chairs, but some bunks for beds. In the center of the room the floor is not laid and a fire is made, on which the salmon is roasted; the house is full of smoke, as there is no chimney, the smoke going out of a hole in the roof of the house. The Indians were mostly away from their homes on their summer fishing excursion, some of them forty miles away on fishing claims inherited from their fathers. They respect the rights of others, and on no account will they trespass upon the claims of others. Some of our party tried to bargain with the



IN THE ICEFIELDS.

Indian women for the silver ornaments and other curios. They are sharp at a bargain, and when their price was accepted, they wanted more, putting their fingers upon their eyes, as much as to say, "do you see anything green?" One of the most curious things which attracted our attention was the curiously carved poles, from ten to fifty feet high, in front of the more pretentious houses. There are various interpretations given to the curious devices carved upon the poles. The eagle, the bear, the whale, the crow, the raven, the frog and other animals were carved. On one, a pole perhaps sixty feet high, was a bear, with marks of his feet from the bottom to the top. They venerate these, and to cut one down or injure it is sufficient cause for war. Over the grave of a chief was a house of logs, and on the top was a bear hewed out of a log ten feet long. These Thlinket Indians have various interpretations of these heraldic monuments. One will interpret one way and another another way; anyway they say, "to make up a big story to fool the white man." An Indian gave me a drawing of one with various devices, with a dragon's head on the top, who was trying to settle a dispute between two

families who had intermarried, and threatened to destroy both, if they did not become reconciled. There are perhaps fifty of these poles in the village, many of them showing a good deal of artistic skill, and would do credit to the artist as a wood carver. They looked as if they had been made many years ago.

We called on Judge Swan, an agent of the Smithsonian Institution at Port Townsend, and he gave us much valuable information in regard to these Alaska Indians, their habits, customs, etc. In front of his office the Indians erected a long pole, and placed on the top a *swan*, an emblem of peace, which answers also for a sign. They did it as a regard for his services in settling some dispute between two tribes, and averting a war. Judge Swan read to us his report to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, giving his reasons why these Indians of Alaska were descended from Aztecs of Mexico, and are not Mongolian, as some claim, on account of some representations on the totem poles, of long conical hats like the Chinese, and say they came here by Behrings Straits from China. Some of the Indian girls were quite pretty. They are shorter than the

North American Indians, with round faces, and look more like the Laplanders. The Indians used to make great feasts, and on such occasions released or killed six or seven of their slaves, and almost impoverished themselves by their gifts.

Leaving Fort Wrangell at ten in the morning, we have had a red-letter day. The day is clear, and a cold wind is blowing just enough to give us a bracing atmosphere. We soon sail through a narrow channel, called Wrangell Narrows, and see a long range of snow-covered mountains, some of them, with deep, clear white snow, and the waterfalls coming down from the glaciers, and the deep, clear water, with the little steamer gliding over it, gives to our surroundings a most attractive enjoyment. We watch with interest the glaciers, and soon meet great green-colored icebergs floating down from them ; these are the first glaciers we have seen. We find from our map that the largest is called "Patterson Glacier," and is forty miles long, and from three to four miles wide in front.

We thought that we never enjoyed a sail on Lake Como in Italy or on the coast of Norway equal to this from Fort Wrangell

to-day. We lingered on the deck until into the night. In the morning early we find ourselves in the harbor of Juneau, named after an old miner of that name, to whom we were introduced. We go out on shore, and come to the Indian encampment, and look in upon their houses and tents, while they are preparing their breakfasts on the open smoky fires. Some of them were half clad. One invited me in to a repast of picked-up salmon in a dish, from which eight or ten were dipping it with wooden spoons. With the dirt and filth around the room, the breakfast did not seem tempting enough to partake of. The old Indian brought out his package of recommendations. He was an Indian chief, and over his door was a sign, "Chief Klow Kek." His papers were from United States officers, and spoke of him as an honest, reliable Indian, and a good friend of the white man. We gave him a cheer, and he replied "good." In almost every house and along the wharf the Indian women bring out an old box, in which are their treasures of silver bracelets, which they hammer out of a silver dollar, with curious devices carved upon them, selling them from three to six dollars a pair. Their wrists are

covered with them, and on their fingers are silver rings, and in their lips are ornaments. Many of the women look hideous enough with their faces daubed with black paint ; some of them had bangs plastered all over their foreheads. The women do all the business in making bargains, and are very sharp, and some of the girls, who had not painted their faces, looked quite pretty, with small feet.

One of the ridiculous practices of the Alaska Indian is that of taking a salt water bath early on the coldest winter morning. Not only do the male adults among them indulge in this practice, but the children, even those of tender years, are compelled to participate, under the penalty of being thrown into the ice-cold water, and kept there until they learn to take their medicine like a man. They affect the belief that the process is necessary to the future health and strength of their rising generation, on the principle, we suppose, that those whom it does not kill will be able to endure almost any hardship thereafter—somewhat on the theory of the “survival of the fittest.”

One of the coldest days of the winter, thus far, and about six o'clock, white people living near the ranch were awakened, and kept

awake, by a wailing and a howling which at first led them to believe that a thousand or more spirits of the damned had broken loose from the infernal regions and found refuge within the persons of as many native shamans, and through whom they sought to inaugurate a little sheol of their own. But it was only the natives slinging their children into the cold waters of the bay, and then "warming them up," when they came out, by the application of the necessary amount of caloric through the medium of a bunch of spruce boughs well laid on. That there was "wailing and gnashing of teeth," and a screeching and groaning calculated to strike terror to the soul of the uninitiated just awakened from his slumbers, is not to be wondered at. The bodies of the voluntary as well as unwilling bathers may be a little less aromatic now, but we don't look for any perceptible decrease in the mortality list in consequence.

Though offering premiums as an incentive to cleanliness in the "ranch," the governor has given strict orders that the children shall not be put through any more such ablutionary exercises until the gentle spring and genial summer time comes again.

V.

"ALASKA." ITS BOUNDARIES AND RESOURCES.
ITS EARLY HISTORY, ETC.

THE name of Alaska comes from Al-ay-ek-sa or "Great Country." We had no correct idea how great a country Alaska was until we began to read about it with a view to taking a tour there. We had thought of it as a vast country of mountains and ice, without much value.

One of the chief boundary lines between Alaska and the British Possessions is a line drawn due North from the top of Mount Saint Elias to the Polar Sea. The advantage obtained for England by this treaty is incalculable, and was largely foreseen by British Statesmen at the time, and the imbecility of it on our part is just beginning to be seen, when we have to run through their country six or seven hundred miles to get to Alaska. One reason, no doubt, why Mr. Seward bought Alaska of Russia, was because he felt so keenly our disgrace. Congressional records prove

that we claim to go to the Russian Possessions, in north latitude fifty-four degrees forty minutes, and it was shown by maps in the archives of Holland that our claim was well founded. Great Britain, to our great chagrin, has possession of fine harbors on the Pacific coast, and has a great railroad, the Canadian Pacific, running from Montreal to the Pacific, claiming a much shorter route to *China* and *Japan*, and competing with our transcontinental lines. This deed alone of yielding this valuable country to England, without cause, was enough to stigmatize Polk's administration forever, and will ever remain as a stigma on the name of the Secretary of State, James Buchanan.

Alaska contains five hundred and eighty thousand square miles, and is nearly fifteen times larger than Ohio, which has forty thousand square miles. Alaska is as large as all the United States north of North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, and west of the Mississippi river. The main land lies between fifty-four degrees forty minutes and seventy-one degrees north latitude, and between one hundred and thirty degrees and one hundred and seventy degrees west longitude ; and the western boundary, according to Russian

treaty, is one hundred and ninety-three degrees west of Greenwich—very near to Asia. Quoddy Light, on the east coast of Maine, is in latitude forty-four degrees forty-seven minutes, longitude sixty-six degrees, fifty-eight minutes west; San Francisco is in latitude thirty-seven degrees forty-eight minutes, longitude one hundred and twenty-two degrees twenty-six minutes; the *Ælutian* Islands, the most western part of Alaska, are in fifty-three degrees north latitude, one hundred and eighty-seven and one-half degrees west longitude. Alaska is therefore just about as far west of San Francisco, as Maine is east, or about the center of the United States east and west.

The extreme length of Alaska, north and south, is eleven hundred miles, and its extreme breadth eight hundred miles; a distance greater, north and south, than from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico, and almost equal in extent, east and west, from the same lake to the Atlantic Ocean. The coast line of this country extends twenty-five thousand miles, being two and one-half more than the Atlantic and Pacific coast-line of the whole United States.

Peter the Great sent out an exploring ex-

pedition under the command of Vitus Behring, a Danish Captain, who began his overland journey in 1725, and not until 1741 did he discover Alaska in latitude fifty-five degrees twenty-one minutes. Peter the Great died before the discovery was made. The great Russian Fur Company was formed in 1783 by Siberian merchants, and held sway over the country for many years. Alexander Baranoff for many years ruled the country with an iron hand, at the head of this great Company. His history and rough experiences in this vast solitude are full of romance and are extremely interesting. In 1799 he came to Sitka, and in 1802 the Indians massacred all the inhabitants. Baranoff was absent, and escaped. He remained thirty years in Alaska, and died on his way to Siberia in 1818, having been superseded by the Company at the age of seventy-two. He seems to have been the great leader while Russia held Alaska.

Alaska was purchased, with certain improvements, March 30, 1867. After a good deal of negotiation and several offers by our Government to Russia through Secretary Seward, Alaska was delivered to the United States by the payment of seven million two

hundred thousand dollars, or less than two cents per acre. Secretary Seward, upon being asked once what he considered the greatest act of his life, replied, "The purchase of Alaska." He was derided and laughed at, at the time, and the purchase was called "Seward's folly," and many considered that for the seven million two hundred thousand dollars we had got a vast country containing nothing but mountains and ice. But the climate of Sitka in winter is milder than that of New England, and the summer delightfully cool and bracing. The effect of the Japanese currents on the coast causes the mild temperature.

The Alaska Commercial Company has paid nearly as much in royalty to the United States, and in rental of the Islands of Saint George and Saint Paul, for the privilege of catching seals, as was paid for the whole of Alaska, and Secretary Seward is vindicated.

The Czar of all the Russias, no doubt, hoped the purchase would create a war between the United States and Great Britain and he was glad of the opportunity to spite England, as he hated her with intense hatred.

Congress seems to have neglected this country, as not worthy of attention, for sev-

enteen years. Soon after the purchase, adventurers of all kinds poured into the country. Mr. Bancroft says, "Speculators, politicians, office-holders, tradesmen, gamblers, and adventurous women flocked to Alaska. Stores, saloons, and restaurants were speedily opened. Squatter claims were put on record. Vacant lots were stacked out and frame shanties were erected. The prices of real estate promised very speedily to make a total, at Sitka alone, equal to the purchase price of the whole territory."

Some one relates that a log house, with lot, was held at ten thousand dollars. At the first charter election there were as many candidates as voters. The Russians were offered by the Hudson Fur Company their passage paid to Russia, and all the better class availed themselves of the offer, and five years later there was less population than when Russia had possession.

The neglect of Congress, to provide any form of civil government or protection for the inhabitants, checked all progress and enterprise, and a great collapse came, and the country was nearly deserted. Since the Northern Pacific Railroad has been built, and the development of the Puget Sound

country, fisheries have been growing, and mining interests have received attention, and it seems as if a new era was about to dawn upon Alaska, and the steamers in the summer are crowded with tourists and prospectors—the former to see the grandest scenery in the world.

Not until May, 1884, did Alaska have a territorial government, and as the provisions could not take immediate effect, it added nothing to the development of the mining interest that year. The governor and civil officers were not appointed until July, 1884, and reached the country in September, at the close of the mining season. The act of Congress provides for a governor and four commissioners, a district judge, a marshall and clerk. The bill creates the district of Alaska a land district, and among other things, provides that "the laws of the United States relating to mining claims and the right incident thereto, shall, from and after the passage of this act, be in full force and effect in said district," etc. "Provided, that the Indians or other persons in said district shall not be disturbed in the possession of any lands actually in their use or occupation ; also, that parties who have located mines or

mineral privileges therein, under the United States, applicable to the public domain, shall not be disturbed therein, but shall be allowed to perfect their title to such claims by payment as aforesaid ; and provided, also, that the land, not exceeding six hundred and forty acres, at any station now occupied as missionary stations among the Indian tribes, in said section, with the improvements thereon, erected by and for such societies, shall be continued in the occupancy of the several religious societies to which said missionary societies belong, until action by Congress. But nothing contained in this act shall be construed to put in force, in said district, the general laws of the United States." Mining matters were at a stand-still, as it took time for the officers to settle the contests and litigation in which every piece of property was involved, and all definite action was postponed until last year.

On account of this unsettled condition of the country, mining and other interests have not advanced. Governor Kinkead reports : "The mining interest, in my opinion, bids fair to take front rank in value of product. I confidently expect that within the next decade the production of precious metals in the

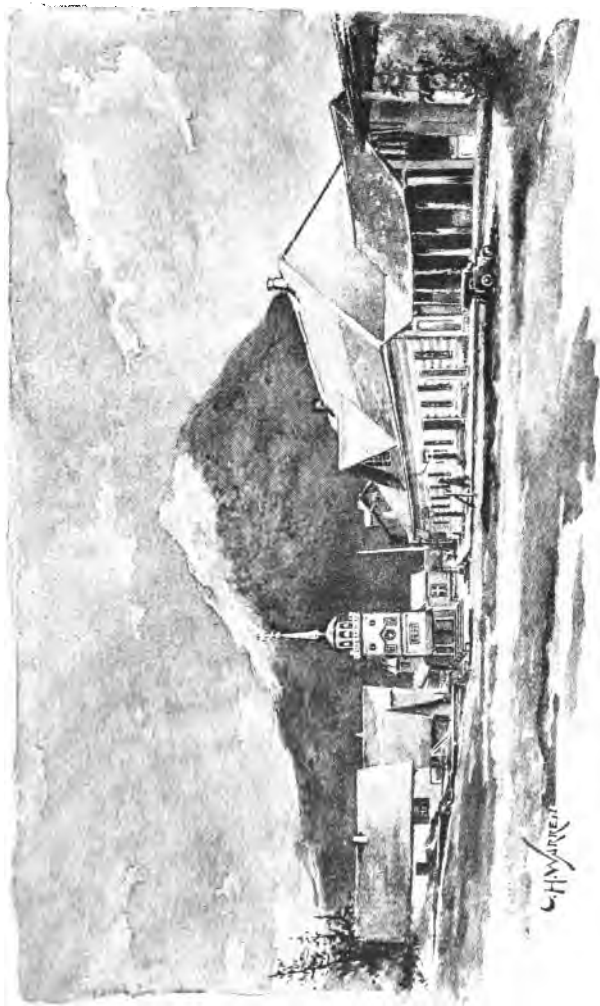
district will be an important factor in the finances of the general government."

High and precipitous mountains, densely covered with timber and chapparel, fallen and decaying trees, the earth covered with moss and vegetation to the depth of one or two feet, seem almost to forbid the progress of the prospector.

We visited Douglas Island, nearly opposite Juneau, where we saw in operation one of the largest stamp-mills in the world. A company from San Francisco having located here a plant costing four hundred thousand dollars. The manager kindly showed us through the works and the mines, a short distance, where one hundred or more Chinese were busy at work blasting and picking out the gold quartz from the great mountain of quartz ; it is then run into the top of the mill which is on a level with the tunnel. The mill is designed for the reduction of gold ore carrying sulphurets and free gold, and has one hundred and twenty stamps, of nine hundred pounds each, with a crushing capacity of three hundred and sixty tons per day. The ore when it comes to the mill goes through the grizzlies and rock-breakers into the ore bins, from which it is drawn out directly into the feeders,

which feed it into the batteries, where it is crushed wet and amalgamated. Then from the copper plates it is taken to and passed over the free concentrators, which save the sulphurets and the tailings, and sluiced off. From the concentrator room the sulphurets are taken to the chlorination works, where they are treated for the gold which they contain, by the chlorine gas, and the gold comes out in fifteen thousand and eighteen thousand dollar bricks, which are shipped monthly by steamer to the mint in San Francisco. About one hundred thousand dollars per month is the product. This company expects to illuminate their mill with powerful electric lights, which will diffuse sufficient light to enable work to be carried on with the same facility in the night as in the day time. This company bought the claim of a prospector for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Douglas Island is twenty miles in circumference, and is called a gold island. Properties already claimed and partly developed there aggregate in value twice as much as the amount Mr. Seward paid for the whole of Alaska; and Douglas Island is but one of the eleven hundred islands of the archipelago of which there are promises of mineral



SITKA, ALASKA.

wealth. It was eighty-seven years after Vancouver's surveys before the prospectors found gold on its shores; but the island retained the old nomenclature, and is still Douglas Island, as Vancouver named it, in honor of his friend, the Bishop of Salisbury.

While we were at Juneau, opposite Douglas Island, on our return, a most dastardly outrage was perpetrated upon the poor laboring Chinese, who, we had noticed, were so industriously at work at the mines on Douglas Island. A band of lawless, lazy men—chiefly saloon-keepers and their hangers-on—held public meetings, and sent a committee over, demanding of the Chinese that they leave the island at once. They consulted Mr. Treadwell (who had done more to develop the mining interests of Alaska, and call attention of the country to the great richness of Alaska in gold, by establishing his great stamp works, and proving to the world that not one-half has been predicted of the value of these mines). The Chinese said to him: "You say go, we go. You say fight, we fight, you bet." Mr. Treadwell advised them to submit, as there were less than one hundred of them, with only a few pistols, while there were twice the number in

the mob, well armed. They were taken to Juneau by the mob, and forced on two sloops, forty on one and forty-seven on the other. They were poorly clothed, and there was no room on the sloops for them to lie down. They were sent adrift down to Fort Wrangell. We saw them a few miles from Juneau; as there was a dead calm the vessels did not make much headway. There was a cold rain-storm, and the poor Chinese were suffering greatly. We learned that they arrived at Fort Wrangell, and would have suffered terribly, had not Mr. Treadwell sent his tug with plenty to relieve them, and as the little settlement was without any supply of provisions, it was thought some of them would starve. Fortunately, in a few days, the steamer Archon, Captain Carrol, came along and towed them back to Douglas Island. Governor Swinford, on hearing of their condition, immediately sent the United States steamer Pinta, Captain Nichols, to Wrangell. He brought them back, and took steps to punish the parties who violated the law; but owing to the want of funds, the prosecution was abandoned. One, and principal, reason the mob give for their outrageous deed, is that they do not patronize the saloons. Their op-

position extends also to the Indians, whom they will not allow to work.

In the vicinity of Sitka the most valuable gold claims yet discovered are being developed by a company incorporated under the laws of Wisconsin. Captain Cowles, formerly of Columbus, O., is Secretary and Treasurer of the Lake Mountain Gold and Silver Mining Company. He sent a sample of the quartz to an assayer in Boston, who reported that it contained one thousand eight hundred and forty dollars to the ton, and is likely to prove a bonanza to the company. Prospectors are numerous, and great discoveries of gold are reported in the Yukon country. We left some parties at Chilcoot, who were going over the Chilcoot Pass, where the Indians have a trail, some thirty-five miles in length, to a chain of lakes about three hundred miles long, which connect with the head waters of the Yukon River. This river is not only one of the largest on the continent, but one of the largest in the world, and from this point, from which the miners strike it, to its mouth, is a distance of two thousand miles. Valuable mineral discoveries have been made on the banks of the river, and miners have staked large claims. One is re-

ported on a vein of gold-bearing quartz six hundred feet wide. The prospectors are convinced that gold exists all through the Yukon country, but its remoteness from all base of supplies, and the long, severe winters of the interior, left a mining season of four months too short to be profitable.

Professor Muir, of California, who is one of the most scientific men of the West, has visited Alaska, and sees no reason why this may not become one of the richest mining countries in the world. He believes that the great mineral vein, extending up the coast of Mexico to British Columbia, continues through Alaska to Siberia. With British Columbia producing one million to two million dollars each year, and Siberia yielding twenty-two million dollars, why should not Alaska, with the same geological formations, be equally productive in gold and silver? Copper, cinnabar, iron, coal and marble are found in great quantities.

When our lumber supplies fail us, as they are fast growing less in Michigan and Wisconsin, great things may be expected in Alaska in the future. From the time that we set sight on Alaska until we reached Chilcoot, the most northerly place our steamer reaches,

one is amazed at the immense forests of fir trees which cover the mountains, islands and valleys, coming down to the water's edge, and reflected so beautifully in the deep, clear water. There are five species of valuable woods. Commercially speaking, they range as follows: yellow cedar, spruce, hemlock, elder and a species of fir or black pine. The yellow cedar, susceptible of taking a fine polish, is considered valuable for boat building and finishing purposes. It sells for eighty dollars per thousand in San Francisco. It possesses a delightful odor, which, like camphor wood, it retains for a long time, and manufactured into boxes and chests, is very valuable for packing furs and other goods, as it is said to be moth preventive. We brought away some photographs of a yellow cedar log, fifty feet long and seventy-four inches in diameter, and, it is said, they are frequently found one hundred feet high, with a diameter of four or five feet. Some of the enterprising people of San Francisco built saw-mills in Alaska and shipped lumber to California, but the vessel was seized by the United States authorities, and the lumber confiscated. British Columbia offers great inducements to settlers to develop the coun-

try and show to the world its value, even at a loss of a few trees that are of no value, except they are sawed into lumber and shipped where lumber is in demand, but, in Alaska no one is allowed to saw the trees except to use on the spot, and there are no laws giving any one a title to the land, and no one can own a home here. The Russians carried on ship building extensively in Alaska, and the time may not be far distant when ship building will rank among the foremost industries of Alaska.

At Fort Wrangell, Juneau and Sitka we saw at the stores valuable furs, especially bear and seal. The fur trade is exceedingly valuable, as the beaver, fox, marten, ermine, otter and wolf are numerous. The cinnamon and black bear in great numbers are found in south-eastern Alaska, while further north, near the great Yukon river, the rein-deer roam undisturbed by man. The islands are full of deer. Captain Hunter, of our steamer Idaho, captured four deer in one of the narrow channels of the Alaska waters, out of quite a herd which were swimming across, which he sent to friends in San Francisco. I kept continually on the lookout to capture some to put into our Franklin Park, at Columbus,

Ohio. The Alaska Commercial Company has a monopoly of the fur seal business, for which they pay to the United States an annual rental of fifty-five thousand dollars, and a royalty of two dollars and sixty-two and one-half cents for each seal killed, and are limited to the killing of one hundred thousand seals annually.

The principal points where the fur seals are caught are the islands of Saint George and Saint Paul, belonging to the Pribyloff group, one thousand seven hundred miles west of Sitka. They have already paid nearly as much to our Government as Secretary Seward paid for the whole of Alaska. This company gathered last year nine-tenths of the world's supply of seal skins, and the company has made an immense fortune. These northern latitudes seem to swarm with fish and game. The salmon fisheries are the most numerous, and as they seem to be failing and diminishing on the Columbia River from year to year, Alaska will probably become the main source of the world's supply. Some of the finest salmon in the world are found in Alaskan waters, and the largest ever caught, weighing over forty pounds, was at the mouth of the Yukon River. It is the chief

food of the Indians, and they had come down from the interior at this season of the year to catch their winter supply. They have their own fishing waters, which have descended to them from their ancestors, and they regard the rights of each other to the different waters for their salmon fisheries with jealous care.

In their huts you can see them seated on the ground around the fire, cooking the salmon, after dressing them, on the coals and throwing the entrails out in the sand in front of their huts to decay, emitting a terrible stench. It is said they take ten million to twelve million a year, or three times as many as are required for the canneries of the Pacific Coast.

At Naha Bay, as our steamer sailed in, the salmon were so thick that the steamer seemed to plow through them and turn up their silvery sides, giving us an idea of their beauty and great numbers. At Killisnoo there is a large company, called the Northwest Trading Company, who have a large establishment for rendering fish oil, which is used, no doubt, for cod oil, and also for making "Lubin's Extracts." The company have just shipped one hundred and fifty tons

of fish oil to Liverpool. This is the first shipment ever made direct to England from Alaska. They also shipped a car load to London and another to Dundee. It is there purified of its fishy odor, and then shipped back to this country as salad oil.

Thus Alaska is entering into competition with the Mediterranean in supplying the civilized world with one of its own valuable condiments, and when we can learn to purify it of its "fishy odor," the olive groves of Greece and Algiers will have to yield to the waters of Alaska. One large firm from San Francisco had its superintendent and a party of Chinese on board our steamer, who were landed at Chilkat to start a canning establishment, on account of the failure of the salmon fisheries on the Columbia River.

There are not probably over one thousand white inhabitants in Alaska, and from forty to sixty thousand Indians, and only a few towns on the water courses; none in the interior. Sitka is the capital. During the Russian occupation, the town of Sitka, although the centre of government and business, was far from being an inviting place. It is probable that the Russians cared little to make it so. They lived on terms of singu-

lar familiarity, and even intimacy, with the Indians. Native servants commonly called their masters by their first name. Baranoff had by a native woman a daughter, of whom he was very proud. In 1805 a Russian visitor found Baranoff living in what he could describe as little better than a hut. His bed during heavy rains was often afloat, and a leak in his roof was looked upon as too small a matter to receive attention; and yet Baranoff was a man of education and real attainment, as well as a very able administrator. Savage ways of life, and the savage want of a sense of refinement and cleanliness, had obviously been far too readily adopted. It was a majority had conquered—at least in the matters of social and domestic decency.

As late as 1841, a traveler on his way around the world, declared Sitka to be the dirtiest and most wretched place that he had ever seen. Four years earlier another traveler gave an opposite verdict. Possibly these two visitors were in Sitka at opposite seasons of the year. Sitka in January and Sitka in July are very different places. One gentleman who spent a year there told me that it rained three hundred days in the year.

Rain and fog without end might make even an earthly paradise, as a place of prolonged residence, gloomy indeed. But there is no doubt that Sitka in those days was a most interesting and curious place. It may be that the town has lost somewhat of its activity and acquired picturesqueness as well as dirt, since the Russian flag was superseded by the stars and stripes nearly twenty years ago.

We were all delighted one lovely August morning as we came in view of Sitka, which is beautifully situated on a level plateau, at the foot of high snow-covered mountains, and on the bay of the same name, with about fifty islands in view, which are covered with thick verdure of fir trees of different sizes, and is a more beautiful bay than the Bay of Naples, which it resembles. There is an extinct volcano in view—Mount Edgecomb—which is three thousand five hundred feet high. Rising by a graceful elevation on one side from its long cape stretching far out into the western waves, displaying at its top the perfect rim of its crater leaning gently over towards the town, and its other side running abruptly into a bridge of peaks that drop down lower and lower, until they are lost in the interminable mass of mountains

to the north, it stands a most notable landmark and beautiful back-ground to the island-gemmed Bay of Sitka.

Professor Libbey, of Lieutenant Schwatka's command, is the first person to ascend it, and found it more of a volcano than had been supposed. Sitka seemed like a gala day, with its inhabitants all out of doors, coming down to the steamer to get their mail, which comes only once a month. All business is stopped ; even the schools are dismissed. Many of the ladies were stylishly dressed and quite attractive in their appearance. A cannon on the steamer gave the note of warning that the steamer was approaching. Not only the two or three hundred white people came out, but the same number of Indians came out from their cabins in the Indian village, or *rancherie*, as they call it ; and the basket-makers brought their baskets, and every Indian woman wore silver bracelets ; one on each arm. These they make from silver dollars, and sell to visitors, as also various old horn spoons and medicine wands, moccasins, etc. They sprawl out on the floor, and with their heads resting on their hands they gaze at the people with stupid indifference.

The most conspicuous buildings on the highest part of the place, fronting the harbor, are the two large establishments of the Presbyterian Missions, which we mistook for the Government Buildings. We were shown through the old castle, which is high up on a rock, called Kateland's Rock, in memory of a chief who once lived there ; we reached the top by a stairway, and from there had a splendid view of the bay and mountains around. The old castle was built of logs, and covered with boards, and riveted to the rock, to prevent its being shaken by an earthquake. The castle is one hundred and forty feet long by seventy feet wide ; if it could talk, it could, no doubt, tell a wonderful history of the old Russian Governors who inhabited it and maintained the style of the Russian nobility.

History gives us vivid pictures of the social life of Sitka, while the Russians had possession ; all the old furniture and ancient relics were carried off after the troops left, and we could see nothing reminding us of its antiquity but the old porcelain stoves in the corners of the large rooms. Attorney-General Ball and wife occupy the first floor. Mrs. Ball informed us that when she talked of occupying the castle, she was informed that it was in-

habited by a ghost, which had been often seen, and no one dared to live there. "The story of the ghost, whose sad story is modeled on that of the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' By tradition the lady in black was a daughter of one of the old governors. On her wedding night she disappeared from the ball-room in the midst of the festivities, and after long search was found dead in one of the small drawing-rooms. Being forced to marry against her will, one belief was that she voluntarily took poison, while another version ascribes the deed to an unhappy lover; while altogether, the tale of this Lucia of the north-west isles gives just the touch of sentimental interest to this castle of the Russian Governors." Mrs. Ball informs us that she watched all the first night she occupied the castle and no ghost appeared, and she has no fears now.

Lieutenant McLean, of the Signal Service, occupies the upper rooms for his office, and has just brought his bride from Washington to occupy other rooms. The houses on the street are made of logs, and all over the little town the houses had been white-washed, and instead of the dirty-looking town we had been told Sitka was, we found it clean and neat.

White and Indian boys were playing base ball on the common or parade ground, and in every door we could see the people eagerly reading their letters, and it was interesting to watch the expression of their faces, which showed joy or sorrow according to the news which the letters contained.

At the end of the street was the old Russian Greek Church of Saint Michael, with its emerald-green dome, its bulging spire, and chime of six silver bells, which ring out their silvery tones echoing through the village. The panel picture of Saint Michael over the door-way has lost its lustre. The church is built in the form of a Greek cross. There are a number of paintings in it ; one of the " Last Supper," the crowns and vestments covered with silver. The church, like all Creek churches, contains large candle-sticks, candelabra, etc., of silver. It contains the Holy of Holies, into which no woman is admitted. We did not see any Russians in Sitka, only the old priest, who informs us that he has an audience of about thirty-five Indians, and more are soon to unite. This, I believe, is the only Greek church in the United States, except on the Aleutian Islands, and it shows by its old faded look that the Greek religion does not flourish in this

country, and before many years this church, like the one in New York, will be abandoned. The government of Russia expends each year fifty thousand dollars for the support of their missions in Alaska, but they are fast dying out.

It is interesting to visit the Indian village or *rancherie*. In the winter a large number of Indians are here, but many of them are now away catching salmon for their winter supply. Many of the houses were neat and clean, and had beds covered with white, and a stove in the room instead of a fire in the centre of the room on the ground, with the smoke going out of a hole in the roof. We learned that those who are educated at the Mission soon want to have things like the whites ; and those who were in such nice order had been educated at the Mission. In almost every house we entered they would bring out, hidden away in a pile of rags, a lot of skins, furs and various Indian relics to sell us.

We enjoyed a delightful walk to Indian river along the bay, for one or two miles, returning by paths through the dense forest of evergreens. Every little while leading us along by the shore of the river, we found plenty of yellow and black raspberries. The

grounds are arranged with paths and rustic bridges across the river, and we were all delighted with the little show of civilization, after riding over one thousand miles through a wilderness.

Secretary Seward visited Alaska in 1869, and was greatly pleased with his purchase. He was received with great honors in Sitka, and carried away a great variety of Indian curios and souvenirs. By the custom of the Indians, the fur robes laid for him to sit on in the chief's cabin, were his. He, of course, had to give presents to the chiefs in return, which made his visit to Alaska a memorable one.

A quantity of Alaska cedar was taken east, which was used for the inside finish of the Seward mansion at Auburn.

A year later Lady Franklin visited Sitka, when she was eighty years old, and the room was shown us in the old castle which she had occupied, as also had Mr. Seward, when there. Lady Franklin hoped to find some trace of her husband who was lost in the Arctic exploration. It was reported to her that he had been heard from, and this remarkable woman, at her great age, sailed from England and came here to try to trace the rumors. It was a long journey, in vain, and she died five

years afterwards ; this being her second trip to the Pacific coast in search of her husband.

Alaska seems to have been considered of no value by our government, and since Mr. Seward's death has been almost abandoned, until within a year or two. The military sailed away after ten year's occupation, and no civil government was established, and the inhabitants were in a terrible condition. The Indians committed various depredations with immunity from punishment. Even white men were murdered, and the murderers had to be sent to Oregon for trial. There were only about three hundred white people to three times as many Indians. The white people made application for protection to the British Admiral at Victoria, who, without waiting for red tape orders, reached there in March, 1879, to the great relief of the inhabitants.

Our Government finally sent a little revenue cutter—Oliver Wolcott—which was too small to be of any service, and the Indians defied and laughed at the menace, so the British Captain remained until the United States steamer Alaska came in April.

The only protection the people have had was from the navy, and the commanders of

the Jamestown, which succeeded the Alaska, sailed through all parts of the Sitkan archipelago, and controlled the Indians and instituted many reforms among them. The commander, Captain Glass, seemed to be governor, judge and marshal of Alaska, and displayed great ability and exercised justice and humanity in a way to win the respect and control of the Indians. He made treaties of peace between the Indian tribes, and, in fact, kept a navel protectorate over Alaska.

Captain Merriman, and others who succeeded him, were equally efficient in governing the Indians and acting as umpire in their quarrels. He seemed to have a paternal interest in the Indians, and when he left Sitka, crowds gathered at the wharf to say farewell to the wise and paternal commander.

Those who succeeded Captain Merriman found the Indians peaceful, and they spent much time in visiting the different islands, and looking after the mineral interests of Alaska.

While we were at Sitka, the United States steamer Pinta, Captain H. E. Nichols, was in the harbor in control of the navel affairs. He is a most intelligent gentleman, and, from a long conversation with him, I have no doubt

will sustain the reputation he gained while engaged in the coast survey in the southern part of Alaska. His surveys were valuable to us through the charts he made for the "Alaska Coast Pilot."

The people of Sitka speak in high terms of the navel officers, quite in contrast with the former military operations.

On account of the character of the country it is impossible for a land force to be of any service. The Government, after seventeen years from the time of the purchase of Alaska passed a bill, introduced by Senator Harrison of Indiana, now President, (it passed the Senate and House of Representatives, and was approved by the signature of President Arthur), creating Alaska a Territory, but not a land district. Hon. John H. Kinkead, ex-Governor of Nevada, who had once resided in Sitka, was made first Governor, and other officers were appointed, and reached their destination in September, 1884. Governor Swinford, of Michigan, was appointed Governor of Alaska, and an entire change of affairs made in 1885 by the present administration.

Congress seems to be awake to the possibilities of the great country, and is slowly

passing laws to help its development, through schools, by an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars, and in other ways.

People visiting Alaska will enlighten the public as to that country not being a territory of mountains, icebergs and glaciers alone. The growth of the forests is almost tropical in its nature, certainly semi-tropical, and the "entangled wildwoods" look like Louisiana or Florida.

Very little is known of the flora of Alaska, but it is stated that on Baranoff Island more than three hundred varieties of wild flowers are found. Among the more valuable grasses, of which some thirty species are known to exist in the Yukon territory, is the well-known Kentucky blue grass. The meadow-wood grass is abundant here. The blue-joint grass, which grows from three feet to five feet in height. Many other grasses grow abundantly, and contribute largely to the whole amount of herbage. Ten species of Elyonus almost deceive the traveler with the aspect of grain fields maturing a perceptible kernel, which the field mice lay up in store.

At Juneau and Sitka we saw the Indian women weaving grasses into mats, baskets, dishes, etc. Articles of clothing for summer use, such

as socks, mittens and a sort of hat, and various articles to sell to travelers as Indian curios ; were also offered.

"In the winter, the grasses collected in the summer for the purpose, and neatly tied in bunches, are shaped to correspond with the foot and the seal-skin sole of the winter boots worn in that country. There they serve as a non-conductor, keeping the foot dry and warm, and protecting from the confusion." Some of the mosses of Alaska are of special economic value as a substitute for curled horse hair in the manufacture of mattresses, cushions, and for like purposes.

Wild hops, wild onions and wild berries grow in profusion ; crab apples ; the largest gooseberries we ever saw were in the garden of Mr. Vanderbilt, at Sitka. Currents, black and whortleberries, raspberries ; we picked, on Indian River, very large red and white salmon berries ; there are also chicker berries, pigeon berries and angelica. Almost every flower is succeeded by a berry.

The "Coast Pilot," by Professor W. H. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, represents the country between Norton Sound and the Arctic Ocean as "a vast moorland whose level is only interrupted by promontories and isolated

mountains, with numerous lakes, bogs and peat beds. Wherever drainage exists, the ground is covered with luxurious herbage and produces the rarest as well as the most beautiful plants. The aspect of some of these spots is very gay. Many flowers are large and their colors bright, and, though white and yellow predominate, other tints are not uncommon. Summer sets in most rapidly in May, and the landscape is quickly overspread with a lively green. The extreme heat and constant sunshine cause it to produce rank vegetation.

From my own observation, I have no doubt that Alaska will prove, when developed, as valuable a country as Norway, and far superior to Russia.

The Aleutian, or Seal Islands, as they are called, are twenty-six hundred miles from San Francisco, and about fifteen hundred miles northwest of Sitka; all communication with them is by way of San Francisco. There are seventy islands in all; but the two small islands of the group are called Saint George and Saint Paul. The former is ten miles long, and about five miles wide; the latter is thirteen miles in length by six in breadth. St. George has a population of only ninety-two, four only of whom are white;

Saint Paul has about three hundred, fourteen of whom are white.

On the shores of these rocky islands, it is said, nineteen-twentieths of all the seals of the world are caught. Many of the ladies who wear seal garments are not aware that they are a product of our own country. The skins are nearly all shipped to Europe, because of the perfection of the dye—the art being said to be possessed by only two firms in London and Paris, which gives them a monopoly of the trade of the world. There are dyers in this country, but they do not have the skill to give so rich and dark a color as the English and French. The art of dyeing originated with the Chinese.

The seal catching season lasts only about seventy days, and, in the meantime, the inhabitants have nothing to do but to go to the Russian church.

When Secretary Seward purchased Alaska, in 1867, the value of the seals was not taken into account. Congress passed a law in 1869, making the Aleutian Islands a government reservation, and restricted the killing of the seals to one hundred thousand annually. An average seal will measure six and one-half feet in length, and weigh four

hundred pounds. When in Juneau we saw a skin that measured seven and one-half feet.

The company were to furnish the inhabitants with a certain amount of subsistence and fuel, to maintain schools for the children and to prevent the use of fire-arms on or near the sealing grounds. The contract expires in 1890, and it is said that an immense fortune has been made by the wise and fortunate investment of these San Francisco business men. The stock of the company is divided into twelve shares, and pays a dividend of about one million dollars per year.

This company has also a contract which amounts to a monopoly of the fur trade on Behring and Copfer Islands, and at other points on the Kamtchatka Coast, and forty or fifty other trading ports in Alaska.

It was a great curiosity for us to visit the offices and storage-room while we were in San Francisco, and see the tens of thousand of seal, fox, mink and marten skins hanging from the rafters, and choicest of bear, deer, beaver and lynx skins piled up in their great store-rooms.

Sea otters and cod fisheries have become an important industry. Judging by the

hoarse and shrieking cries of the seals at the seal cliffs, near San Francisco, we should think the three million seals, which are said to gather on the rockeries of Saint Paul and Saint George Islands, would make a terrible noise above the roaring of the ocean in a storm as the waters dash against the rocks ; and, it is said, during summer fogs the pilots are guided to the islands by the noise.

The killing of the seals by the natives is thus described : " They start out before dawn, and running down the shore, get between the sleeping seals and the water, and then drive them inland, as they would so many sheep, to the killing ground a half mile inland. They drive them slowly, giving them frequent rests for cooling, and gradually turning aside and leaving behind all seals that are not up to requisite age and condition. When the poor tame things have reached their death-ground, the natives go around with heavy clubs and, by one blow on the head, kill them."

On one trip, in 1883, the steamer Saint Paul brought down sixty-three thousand seal-skins, valued at six hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and the tax paid to the government amounted to one hundred and sixty-five thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

There are said to be ten different tribes of Indians on the coast of Alaska, and as many more inland. At the taking of the last census there was an effort made to take the number of Indians in Alaska, but without success. The number is estimated to be from forty to fifty thousand. They do not look like our North American Indians, but many of them look like the Mongolians.

Hon. James G. Swan, correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution, at Port Townsend, on whom we called, thinks the whole population up to the Arctic belt are of Aztec origin, and gave us many reasons, on account of similarity of language, features, implements, handiwork, carvings, and religious emblems and ceremonies.

He showed us in his office some old silver idols which he said resembled in size, feature and figure, the Chiriqui idols of the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. Newton H. Crittenden infers "from incidental evidences, that Hydahs are castaways from Eastern Asia, who first reached the islands of Southern Alaska."

Mr. Edward Vining, in his book entitled "The Discovery of America, or the Uncelebrated Columbus," inclines to the Chinese origin, and reiterates the story from the origi-

nal Chinese source of the landing of Hwin Shin and a party of Buddhist Monks on the coast of Mexico about A. D. five hundred. The Indians and Chinese working together at the Treadwell mines, on Douglas Island, certainly resemble each other.

Their houses are built of logs, and often covered with boards hewed out with an adze. They are quite ingenious in wood carving, as indicated by the heraldic emblems on their totem poles. The various articles of carved bone, metal, stone and silver, which they offer for sale, are always original and unique. The women wear silver pins in their lower lips. Many of the articles enumerated they sell for silver dollars, which they make up into other articles for sale. They will not take in payment gold or greenbacks, they want silver only. "Oh, that all the silver dollars could go to Alaska."

When educated in the schools, the Indians would make good citizens, if they could be employed at some regular business; but in Alaska there is, outside of the few mines and fisheries, nothing for them to do, and most of them go back to their tribes, who ridicule them about their education; so they resume the old Indian habits, and some of them be-

come more uncivilized than ever. The girls can find nothing to do, unless as servants, and the demand for them is so limited that the supply is excess. This is a serious question, and is difficult to solve until Alaska becomes settled with whites, and her resources are developed.

The Indians of Alaska seem much more intelligent than the North American Indians. Hon. V. Colfax, special Indian Commissioner to Alaska, said in his report: "I do not hesitate to say that if three-fourths of them (Alaska Indians) were landed in New York as coming from Europe, they would be selected as among the most intelligent of the many worthy emigrants who daily arrive at that port." The Indian inhabitants are divided into four general divisions—Koloshians, Kenanians, Aleuts and Eskimo. These are subdivided into many tribes and families.

The Presbyterians are doing a good work in Alaska, with their five or six missionary stations at Fort Wrangell, Juneau, Chilcot, Sitka and some other places. We visited their schools at Fort Wrangell and Sitka, and were delighted with the success, as apparent from the appearance of the boys and girls, and from the answers given by them; they

were certainly as prompt and correct as from white children of the same age in our schools. Everybody but the missionaries seem to decry their work, and think nothing can be done to Christianize or civilize the Indians. "When the children are educated at the schools and return to their homes, they go back to their old habits and customs, and become leaders of all kinds of wickedness and deviltry, and that their education only teaches them to be mean." But any one looking into the homes of the educated, who have attended the schools, will see a marked difference. They are cleanly clad, have neat homes and clean beds, with a little stove to cook their food and warm their rooms. Almost every Indian cabin is full of smoke, as there are no chimneys, and they all have disease of the eyes, and are short lived from filth and improper food. Education teaches them to avoid these, and in time the children will become good citizens. It may take time, but it will surely come.

A paper is published at Fort Wrangell, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Young, and the type is set and the work all done by the Indians. It is called the *Glacier*.

Rev. Mr. Williard, at Juneau, preaches to

nine different tribes of Klinket Indians, who are gathered here in this town because of its being a mining centre. We see them here just from their forest homes, in all their degradation. Rev. Mr. White has just come here to take charge of the work among the whites, who are fully as difficult to Christianize as are the Indians.

In common with all savage people, the Indians regard their women as slaves, and compel them to do the hardest work, while they look lazily on, enjoying the luxury of a pipe, and often require their services with harsh words and cruel blows; they are inferior in looks and less in number than the men. Their inferiority rises, probably, from the cruel and harsh treatment they receive, and their small number is, in great measure, caused by the too prevalent custom of infanticide. Spared in infancy, the lesson of inferiority is early burned into the lives of the girls. While mere babes they are sometimes given away or betrothed to their future husbands, and when they arrive at the age of twelve or fourteen years, among the Tinnah and the Thrinkets and others, they are offered for sale. For a few blankets a mother will sell her own daughter for base purposes for a

week or a month, or for life. Said a great chief: "Women are made to labor; one of them can haul as much as two men can. They patch our tents, make and mend our clothes," etc.

A majority of the slaves are women. Polygamy, with all its attendant evils, is common among the tribes. Those wives are often sisters; sometimes a man's own mother or daughter are among his wives. If a man's wives bear him daughters, he continues to take other wives until he has sons. One of the chiefs is said to have forty wives. After marriage they are practically slaves of their husbands. We have remarked that the women wear silver pins in their lower lips. Upon arriving at a marriageable age the lower lip of the girl is pierced and the silver pin is inserted, the flat head of the pin being in the mouth and the point projecting through the lip over the chin. After marriage the pin is removed from the woman's lip and a spool-shaped plug, called a labut, about three-quarters of an inch in length, is then substituted. As the woman grows older, larger labuts are inserted, so that an old woman may have one two inches in diameter.

The method of warfare among the Alaskan

Indians is an ambush or surprise. The prisoners who are taken are made slaves, and the dead are scalped. The scalps are woven into a kind of garter by the victor.

They believe in the transmigration of souls from one body into that of another, but not into that of an animal; and the wish is often expressed that in the next change they may be born into some powerful family.

Those bodies that are burned are supposed to be warm in the next world and the others cold. If slaves are sacrificed at the burial of their owners, this relieves the owners of labor in the next world.

Their religion is a feeble Polytheism. All the Alaskan Indians are held in abject fear by the sorcerer and medicine men. Witchcraft, with all its awful consequences, is of universal belief. The medicine man, or sorcerer, or showman, as he is often called, demands large rewards before he begins his incantations to heal the sick; and if he fails, he always declares that the failure is due to witchcraft. He then commences to find the witch, and never fails. Hand over hand, as if following an invisible cord, he traces the witch, who is then tortured to death. He or she, as the case may be, is bound with the head

drawn between the knees, and usually placed beneath the floor of some uninhabited hut until death takes place.

As the women do all the business, no contract is made without their consent. Professor Wright, of Oberlin, Ohio, made arrangements at Juneau for a canoe and two Indians, to accompany him on his excursion to Muir Glacier, and they were to meet his party at Douglas Island. He was disappointed in not having them on hand. He finally learned that the wife of one objected, and wanted the price doubled for the canoe and the services, and she must accompany the party, to which he did not consent. Other Indians came, and a new contract was made after an hour's bargaining. He got the price reduced from twenty-five to twenty-four dollars for four week's use of the canoe, and one dollar and fifty cents per day for the services of the Indian. The wife and daughter made the contract, and received the money in advance, and the money was placed in the hands of a third party to pay the wages of the Indian on his return. No matter what contract the husband may make, even if the money has been paid, the wives claim the right to undo the contract and demand a return of

what has been paid. When the Indians become educated and Christianized, they want to be married by a minister. In several Indian homes the women had their marriage certificate neatly framed and hung up in the room. They took it down and brought it to us with pride and pleasure beaming in their countenances.

As the Indians approach a glacier, meeting the floating ice, carefully avoid striking pieces of ice, lest they offend the ice spirit.

We had a delightful stay at Sitka. As we left our steamer we met the whole population, as it seemed, out of doors; you could see the people along the street, in the doors of the stores and houses reading their letters, sometimes aloud to their friends. It was interesting to watch their faces and catch the expressions of joy or sorrow. The contrast between the number of beautiful women and the squalid row of Indian women was very marked. We think the society of Sitka is highly cultivated, judging from what we saw of it at their homes and at the grand ball given by the Sitkans in honor of our passengers. At the close, a grand banquet was given by Captain Hunter, and when we left, three cheers were given with a vim from the steamer

to the Sitkans. We were entertained at the Mission buildings, the most commanding in the place, by the Rev. Mr. Austin and his assistants, who have charge of the Mission, where there are about seventy-five or eighty pupils, many of whom showed great proficiency.

We were kindly invited to Lieutenant Emmon's house to see the museum of Alaska furs and Indian curiosities. arranged in artistic style, and also to Mr. Vanderbilt's, to see his painting of "Muir Glacier," by Hall, of Chicago ; no painter, however, can do justice to so grand a sight. Mrs. Vanderbilt has been in Alaska for a number of years ; she is a native of Ohio, and seems contented and happy with her beautiful children, and artistically arranged house, with a garden of flowers and vegetables, showing that they can be cultivated here. We never saw larger gooseberries or more thrifty vegetables.

Sitka is an old town, established by the Russians as their capital of Russian America. The first boat load of Russians to land there were put to death, in 1741, by Indians. Old Sitka is just north of the present place ; it was abandoned in 1800 on account of a massacre, by the Indians, of all the Russians.

The present site was built upon in 1804, by Governor Baranoff. Alaska was under military rule for many years, and Sitka became a tumble-down old town. Since Congress passed a bill giving Alaska civil government, every interest in Alaska is looking up, and Sitka is catching the spirit of improvement.

All the old prospectors who are familiar with Mount Saint Elias, say that the ascent to the top is almost impossible. A party returned a few days since who had tried to explore the mountain ; they could only ascend seven thousand two hundred feet, while the mountain is nineteen thousand five hundred feet in height, and they were prevented going higher than they did on account of the clouds. The snow line is at the base of the mountain, and several miles of glacier had to be traversed before the party reached the base prior to making the ascent. They were four days in reaching their destination. Lieutenant Schwatka reports discovering an unknown river, of great width, full of mud, which he named Jones river, in honor of the editor of the New York Times. Lieutenant Schwatka reports also finding a number of mountain peaks not before reported. On the whole, the discoveries do not seem to be of much value

to the history of Alaska. Lieutenant Schwatka reports "the resources of Alaska are great, but that some interests like that of mining, as in other sections, was uncertain. "Other interests or products are," he said, "thoroughly assured, but need development." The fisheries he mentioned, among other things, as very promising, but needing a population along the Pacific coast to develop the enterprise. The fur seal interests are leading at present.

Mount Saint Elias was the first point of land discovered by Vitus Behring, a Russian, who first discovered Russian America, in June, 1741; he called the mountain Saint Elias, on account of its being discovered on Saint Elias Day, and the name has clung to it ever since.

Above Sitka, nearly at the foot of Mount Saint Elias, in the sixteenth degree of latitude, near the Arctic circle, delicious strawberries were found as sweet-flavored as in any other latitude. The Indians picked them, and the supply lasted four days.

Old pioneers, like Dick Willoughby, prophesy that the top of the mountain will never be reached. Dick is quite a character here; he came from Virginia in 1853, and knows the

whole country, and has several mining claims staked out. He gave us some specimens of quartz with free gold, and some with gold and sulphuret, and others with gold and silver, and much valuable information. He ought to be the richest man in Alaska, from his knowledge of its gold deposits ; but, like all prospectors, will probably let them slip through his hands.

All intoxicating spirits and opium are prohibited in Alaska, by act of Congress. Colonel French, Collector, publishes a notice in the "Alaskan," stating that he has "seized one box containing nine bottles of whiskey, marked benzine ; eighteen bottles of whiskey, marked Calisaya bark ; four barrels of sugar, each containing a ten gallon keg of whiskey ; one barrel ground coffee, containing a five gallon keg of whiskey ;" showing how determined the whiskey men are to smuggle in whiskey, as they make great profits out of it.

While we were at Killisnoo, we were amazed by seeing marching up and down the wharf, Indian Chief Jack, dressed in full uniform. He changed his dress three times. The last was of costly furs. He formerly engaged in a revolt against the whites, but suddenly changed, and the Killisnoo Company now

pay him a salary as a sort of chief of police. He sold the ladies of the party some splendid Chilcoat Indian blankets, at forty dollars each. He has two or three pretty Indian wives, and one lady amateur photographer wanted to photograph them, but they were not inclined to allow it. The Chief and our Captain finally succeeded in bringing them in front of the camera, and I have no doubt they will make an attractive picture in their Indian dress.

There are but two white families among the fifty to one hundred Indian families here. One of these is Russian; the Count, who had to flee his country on account of being a Nihilist, has a beautiful wife and children. Our ladies were invited to his house to a Russian tea. The tea was served hot in glass tumblers, with lemon. The hostess explained that the hot tea did not break the glasses because of the silver spoon being in the tumbler.

The other was an intelligent family from Maine. Both families seemed quite contented, and, I should judge, must exert a good influence upon the Indians, as we have seen nowhere more order or neater Indian homes and better dressed Indians. The old chief got up a grand Indian war dance for our

benefit, which was exciting enough for those who had never before witnessed one.

At Juneau we met an enterprising young man of twenty-two years, from Boston, who had been well educated, and from one of the old rich families. He had Yankee pluck, and was determined to strike for himself. He came to Oregon a short time ago, and bought six cows. He brought them up here by steamer, to start the milk business, as there are no cows here, and gets twenty cents per quart for his milk. He is making ten dollars a day, and expects to clear three thousand dollars next year.

As a general thing, this is no place for men to come expecting to make fortunes or secure a home. The miner has to lie idle for a great part of the year on account of the rain, and it is with difficulty he can get his products to the market. There are no territorial laws, except those relating to locating mining claims. The lands cannot be sold or cleared for agricultural purposes; the trees cannot be cut for commerce, and all who have come here to open saw-mills are obliged to go over the line into British Columbia, where a liberal policy invites people to develop industries. There they can buy all the lumber they want,

and ship where they please. A bill, we understand, has been introduced in Congress to open an overland commercial route between the United States and Asiatic Russia and Japan. Major Powell, Superintendent of the Geological Survey, says that a railroad is feasible over this vast extent of country, and that the difficulties to overcome are not greater than in the construction of the trans-continental railroads now in operation. When this is accomplished, what may we not expect from the development of this great territory, which is fifteen times greater in extent than Ohio.

Tourists are just beginning to come to Alaska, and we predict that before many years there will be a great rush to witness the grandest scenery in the world, and enjoy over two thousand miles of salt-water breezes without the annoyance of sea-sickness, as the route lies almost entirely inland, and is not without attractions from the time you leave Tacoma, Washington, until you arrive at Chilcot, where you can have portorage about thirty miles over the mountain to the lakes and Una River, one of the tributaries of the great Yukon River, which is navigable one thousand eight hundred miles, and rises

near the Pacific Ocean, runs north and then southwest, and empties into Behring Sea ; in all it runs two thousand miles. We have visited the Yosemite Valley, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, etc., and we can truly say that in this tour of Alaska we see in one grand panorama all these places combined, only on a much more grand and magnificent scale. Better accommodations than we now enjoy will come with the influx of travelers, though we must say that Captain Hunter of the Idaho is one of the most obliging officers that ever commanded a steamer ; always willing to get down his charts and point out the different bays, sounds, straights, seas and inlets, mountains, islands, etc.

We were favored with delightful weather, which was an exception, as the steamer which preceded ours had fog and rain nearly all the way. I should advise all coming here to bring heavy winter clothing, as we had need of ours the whole distance.

Glacier is the name given to the immense masses of ice which accumulate on the peaks and slopes and in the upper valleys of lofty mountains. The phenomena of glaciers form one of the most interesting subjects of scientific investigation, whether we regard their

formation, structure or appearance. In all parts of the globe they have the same general characteristics; but though the glaciers of other countries have often been described by geographers and naturalists, it is chiefly in respect to those of Switzerland that we possess detailed information. In that country, as indeed in every other, those parts of the mountains that rise above the line of congelation, are covered with perpetual snow, which being partially thawed during the summer months is, on the approach of cold, converted into ice, thus constituting what is called a *glacier*. The ice so formed descends along the slopes of the mountain into the valleys, by which the ridges are furrowed where it accumulates into large beds or fields, presenting, where the descent is gradual, a very level surface, and with a few crevices, but where there is a rapid or rugged declivity, being rent with numerous chasms.

These chasms are frequently many feet wide and more than one hundred feet deep. Their formation, which never takes place in winter, but is frequent during the summer, is accompanied with a loud noise, resembling thunder, and a shock which makes the adjacent mountains tremble. They are subject to change

every day and almost every hour, and it is this circumstance that renders the ascent of glaciers so dangerous to travelers, and they are covered with elevations rising from one hundred to four hundred feet.

Though the snow line of the Alps is found at an elevation of about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, some of the glaciers descend so far downward that their lower extremity is not more than three thousand five hundred feet above it. We noticed this particularly in the valley of the Chamouni, where the singular spectacle is presented of huge pyramids of ice, of a thousand fantastic shapes in juxtaposition to the most luxurious pastures, or towering in majestic grandeur in the midst of verdant forests.

The principle of descent of glaciers is twofold, one of a slow and gradual character like the dunes of France, by which a progressive movement of about twenty-five feet annually is effected ; the other of a rapid and impetuous kind, in which a portion of the ice having been disrupted from the main body glides down the mountain's side, accumulating as it goes, and precipitating into the valleys beneath immense stones, fragments of rock and other substances to which it had adhered.

Philosophers and naturalists have attributed this downward movement of a glacier to various causes. Saussure maintained that it was nothing more than a slipping upon itself, occasioned by its own weight; on the other hand, Agassiz ascribes this motion to the expansion of the ice resulting from the congelation of the water which has filtered into it and penetrated its cavities; while Mallet is inclined to attribute it to the hydrostatic pressure of the water which flows at the bottom and makes rents in the mass.

When the debris which the glaciers accumulate in their descent has been deposited in the valleys, it constitutes what in Savoy is termed their *moraine* or border, an essential feature in the Alpine glaciers. These borders present every variety of aspect, but their most usual appearance is that of unfathomable bogs and morasses, wholly destitute of vegetation, and, in many instances, fraught with infinite peril to the traveler.

The *moraine* of the Alaska glaciers resembles a military fortification; alongside the Davidson glacier and at the foot of the Muir glacier, it was piled up on the side of the water with boulders, sand and debris difficult to climb over.

The Alpine glaciers occupy a superficial extent of one thousand four hundred and eighty-four square miles. From Mount Blanc to the borders of the Tyrol they are reckoned about four hundred, of which the greater number varies from ten to fifteen miles long and from one to two and one-half wide, and one hundred to six hundred feet deep. Besides the grand and picturesque appearance they present externally, their lower extremities are sometimes excavated by the melting of the ice into the form of immense grottoes adorned with the finest stalactic crystalizations, whose brilliant azure tints are reflected on the foaming streams and torrents which generally issue from these caverns, forming altogether so beautiful and imposing a picture, as to defy the most faithful pencil to adequately portray.

We shall never forget our walk, with our alpenstocks, across the Mere de Glace, feeling our way along, lest we fall into the deep crevasses two to three hundred feet down.

At the Rhone glacier are seen some of the finest sights in Switzerland; every minute during our descent some fresh impression of the magnitude of its frozen billows and its yawning crevasses came in sight. At the foot

of the glacier we get a grand view ; it extends fifteen miles, and looks like Niagara Falls frozen over, on the American side of the Falls, extending fifteen miles up the Niagara River. This glacier is the source of the river Rhone, which flows onward to the sea at Marseilles, five hundred miles away. It has been said to issue "from the gates of eternal night at the foot of the Pillar of the Sun," and really poetry is excusable in sight of such a scene of unparalleled grandeur. The ice cavern and grotto are magnificent.

The Aletsch glacier is said to be the largest in Switzerland and is about twenty miles long by four miles wide. Here Agassiz performed a series of experiments on glacial action, and proved that this glacier moves at the rate of eight inches a day, or eighty-five yards per year.

In high arctic latitudes, while the line of perpetual snow comes down to the sea level, the phenomena of glaciers are displayed on the grandest scale. Thus they were seen by Dr. Kane in latitude seventy-nine to eighty degrees, spreading over the western coast of Greenland, and sloping so gently toward the water that the effect of an inclined plane was perceived by looking far into the interior

towards the east. In this long range the angle of the slope was from seven to fifteen degrees. From this glacier to the southern extremity of Greenland, a distance exceeding one thousand two hundred miles, Dr. Kane imagines a deep sea of unbroken ice may extend along the central portions nearly the whole length of the continent—a sea “that gathers perennial increase from the watershed of vast snow-covered mountains, and all the precipitations of the atmosphere upon its own surface.” “Here was a plastic, moving semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing rocks and islands, and plowing its way with irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea.”

On our tour through Norway we visited several glaciers, one said to be sixty miles long. Dr. Joseph Hooker speaks of a glacier in the Himalayan Mountains which presents a vertical height of fourteen thousand feet. Iceland, Spitzbergen, the Caucasus and Altai have their glaciers, but in central Europe, in Switzerland, Savoy, Piedmont and the Tyrol, it is said they cover one thousand four hundred and eighty-four square miles.

As we approached the glaciers of Alaska, especially the great Muir glacier, and climbed

to the top, we realized that the glaciers of the Alps and Norway were not to be compared to these "that lay glittering like a great jewel house, and dropping bergs of beryl and sapphire into the sea."

According to Dr. Newberry, "glaciers once covered most of the elevated portions of the mountain belts in the West, as far south as the thirty-sixth parallel, and all the eastern half of the continent to the fortieth parallel of latitude. That the ancient glaciers, which occupied the area described, were not produced by local causes, but were the exponents of a general climatic condition. That they could not have been the effect of a warm climate and an abundant precipitation of moisture, and, therefore, afford proof of the truth of what is called the glacial period. That all the highest portions of the Sierra Nevada Mountains were once covered with snow fields, and that glaciers flowed from these down the valleys on either side."

We stopped a few days at the foot of Mount Shasta, in California, a grand old snow-covered mountain, which once bore many glaciers, of which miniature representations still remain. "The Cascade Range of mountains, which we see from Puget

Sound, exhibits," says Dr. Newberry, "perhaps the most impressive record of ice action known ; all the higher portions of the Range are planed and furrowed by glaciers which descended into the valley of the Des Chutes on the east and the Willamette on the west, at least two thousand five hundred feet below the snow line of Mount Ranier, or, as the people of Tacoma say, Mount Tacoma."

Mount Hood has three distinct glaciers, and all the country in that region is said to be glaciated. In British Columbia the signs of ancient glaciation are conspicuous in all the high country which has been explored, as also on Vancouver's Island. All along the coast farther north, the ancient glaciers have left their mark in all the fjords, and those of the present day descend lower and lower until, in Alaska, they reach the sea level. Over all the western mountain ranges the traces of ancient glaciation are alike in character, and apparently of the same date, and are evidently the effect of general and not local causes, says Dr. Newberry.

It is well that one visits the glaciers of Switzerland and Norway first, then they are prepared to see in our own country in Alaska a more magnificent sight in purely glacial

scenery than can be seen anywhere in the wide world. We see on our route to Alaska no less than six large glaciers, including the Davidson, Sundown, Brady, Patterson, Taku and Muir. After entering Alaska, above Fort Wrangell, one beautiful morning, we see three, all visible at once, on the east side of the narrows; the larger one, called the Davidson, extending back forty miles, measuring four miles across the front that faces the water and the terminal moraine it has built up before it, and this is the first in the great line of glaciers along the Alaska coast. We had Professor Wright, of Oberlin, and the Rev. Dr. Patton, of Michigan, on our steamer, who were authority on glaciers, from whom we got much information. For one, I was free to acknowledge my ignorance of glacial origin and action, although I had opportunities to see such grand sights of them where they exist in their grandeur and picturesqueness, in Switzerland and Norway; after witnessing these in our own country, I determined to read and study and know more of their history and what scientists say about them.

If I had time, I should like to relate you what I don't know about glaciers, but life is too short for me to do this part of my subject

justice, and I will confine myself to giving you an account of those in Alaska, as they appeared to us. One must see them to realize how grand and extensive they are. Before we reach Taku Inlet, into which the Taku river empties, we see in the distance the high snow-covered mountains on both sides of the river, and as we approach they present a more magnificent appearance, as we see them from different points of view, and that strange monument, the Devil's Thumb, we could see from a mountain top.

Farther up in the Stephen's Passage, floating in belts of the great glaciers in Holkam or Sundown Bay, and besides the one great Sundown glacier flowing into the sea, there are three other glaciers hidden in the high-walled fjords that open from the bay. One of the first and most adventurous visitors to the Sundown glacier was Captain J. W. White, of the Revenue Cutter Lincoln, who anchored the cutter in the bay, 1868. Seeing a great arch or tunnel in front of the glacier, he had his men row the small boat into the deep blue grotto, and they went one hundred feet down a crystalline corridor, whose roof was a thousand feet thick. The colors, he said, were marvelous, and like galleries cut in the Alpine

glaciers, showed fresh wonders with each advance. At the farthest point the adventurous boatmen poured out libations and drank to the spirit of the ice kingdom.

In 1876 gold was discovered, and the Sundown placers were the first that were worked in Alaska. Professor Muir visited the glacier and mines in Sundown Bay in 1879, and at Shough, a camp in a valley at the head of the inlet, found miners at work with their primitive rockers and sluices. Reaching the mouth of Taku Inlet, into which the Taku river empties, the floating ice gave evidence of the great glaciers that lie within; and following up the fjord for about fifteen miles to a great basin, we came suddenly in sight of three glaciers. One sloped down a steep and rather narrow ravine, and its front was hidden by another turn in the overlapping hills. The second one, pushed down between two high mountains, and resting its tongue on the water, dropped off icebergs and cakes that covered the surface of the dull-green water. The front of the icy cliff stretched entirely across the half-mile gap between the mountains, and its face rose a hundred or two hundred feet from the water. Every foot of it seemed jagged and rent with great fissures, in which

the palest prismatic hues were flashing. As the tide fell, large pieces fell from this front, and avalanches of ice fragments crashed down into the sea and raised waves that rocked our ship and set the floes grinding together.

On the other point of the crescent of this bay, there lay the largest glaciers ; an ice field that swept down from two mountain gorges, and spreading out in fan-shape, descended in a long slope to a moraine of sand, pebbles and boulders. Across its rolling front this glacier measured at least three miles, and the low level moraine was one mile in width. The moraine's slope was so gradual, that when the small boats were lowered, and we started for shore, they grounded one hundred feet from the water-mark, and there stuck until the passengers were taken off, one by one, in the lightest boat, and then carried over the last twenty feet of water in the sailor's arms.

Some one gives an interesting description of experience: "It was a time for old clothes, to begin with, and every one wore the worst when they started off ; but at the finish, when the same set waded through a quarter of a mile of sand and mineral mud,

left exposed by the falling tide, and were dumped into the boats by the sailors, a near relative would not have owned one of us. The landing of the glacier pilgrims was a scene worthy of the nimblest caricaturist, and sympathy welled up for the poor officers and sailors who shouldered stout men and women, and struggled ashore through the sinking mud and water. The burly Captain picked out the slightest young girl and carried her ashore like a doll ; but the second officer, deceived by the hollow eyes of one tall woman, lifted her up gallantly, floundered awhile in the mud, and the awful surprise of her weight, and then bearer and burden took a headlong plunge. The newly married man carried his bride off on his back, and had that novel incident to put down in the voluminous journal of the honeymoon kept by the young people."

As we sail along through the beautiful islands, we reach Lynn Canal, so called by Vancouver, who honored this arm of the sea with the name of his native place in England. The clear blue sky and bright sun and balmy atmosphere made us all exclaim, "This is a perfect day ;" and grander and more enchanting than ever, the scenery opens

up to our view as we sail through Lynn Canal, with its bold white mountains on the west, and on the east shows the great continental range which fronts abruptly on the water. We pass peak after peak, and at every point we are surprised at another, and still another, glacier, until nineteen glaciers in all are passed, when we reach the head of the canal.

The great Auk glacier was first seen, and then the Eagle glacier, toppling over a precipice three thousand feet in air, their frozen crests and fronts turning pinnacles of silver and azure to the radiant sun. At the head of Lynn Canal, Chilkat Inlet opens to the left, and Chilcoot Inlet to the right. Opposite to the tongue of land, on the Chilkat side, is the great Davidson glacier, which spreads out like a fan, as it sweeps down through two mountains. We sail beside it for three miles. It is twelve hundred feet high, and the terminal moraine is covered with verdure of green fir trees, which separate it from the waters.

We met Professor Davidson, the astronomer, after whom it is named, in San Francisco. We had a delightful conversation with him about this wonderful country, and especially about this glacier, which he dis-

covered, while making scientific explorations for the government ; he also gave us much information about Muir glacier. We were in Mr. Keith's studio, in San Francisco, at the time. Mr. Keith is the artist who painted my Muir glacier, and Professor Davidson commended the painting highly, he thought it gave a more correct idea of the great glacier than anything he had ever seen.

Professor Davidson tells a good story, that while in the Chilkat country in 1869—he was also there in 1867—gathering material for a report upon the topography, climate and resources of Alaska, called for by the Congressional Committee having the matter of the purchase of the territory in charge, he made the acquaintance of Chief Kloh-Kutz. Professor Davidson was the old chief's host, and he told him that there was to be an eclipse of the sun, and that it would be dark at midday on August seventh. The Indians were greatly interested as the men pointed their instruments at the sun each day, but they fled in terror when the darkness began to appear, and did not come back until the eclipse was over.

They thought Professor Davidson was a god, or, as they called him, a wonderful

medicine man, who could do such wonderful deeds, and the old Chief Kloh-Kutz wanted to have the name "Davidson" tattooed on his arm. Secretary Seward and party were in Alaska at the time of the eclipse, and on their way to the Chilkat country. The Indians who were employed to take them up in a canoe, refused, when the eclipse came on, to paddle any further, and said: "The sun was very sick and wanted to go to sleep." The canoes were beached quickly, and the visitors made a camp fire for themselves and cooked their dinner. Chief Kloh-Kutz had been told that Mr. Seward was the great *Tyee* or chief, so he had Mr. Seward's, instead of Professor Davidson's, name tattooed on his arm, with other totems. When at the meeting of the Chiefs and Chilkat women in the council chamber to receive them, the old chief rolled up his sleeve and, much to the astonishment of Mr. Seward, he saw his name on the old chief's arm. Thinking Mr. Seward owned Alaska, he addressed himself through an interpreter to him. He said that ten years before, three Chilkats had been killed at Sitka, and now, "what is the great *Tyee* going to do about it?" Kloh-Kutz was not to be put off by the diplomatic answer that the murder had hap-

pened during Russian possession ; he said "that the *Tyee* of the Russians was so poor that he could not keep his land, and had to sell it," but for all that he must have reparation for the loss of his three Chilkats. He considered one Chilkat worth three Sitkans, and if the *Tyee* would let him kill nine Sitkans, the account would be squared. With the *finesse* worthy of a diplomate, who had dealt with all the great nations of the earth, Mr. Seward finally bought off Kloh-Kutz by giving him forty blankets as an indemnity. Kloh-Kutz delights to show his Seward tattoo mark to visitors.

VI.

GLACIER BAY. THE FAMOUS MUIR GLACIER. SOME SCIENTIFIC FACTS CONCERNING IT.

AS we advanced up Glacier Bay, which is twelve miles long, and which was all ice when Vancouver explored this country less than one hundred years ago, icebergs began to increase in number and size to such an extent that the steamer had great difficulty in steering clear of them. Soon we see in the distance the great Muir Glacier, and how the ice sloughed off, and the sound reverberates around us like a great explosion of artillery as the ice falls into the water and throws great waves, which rock the steamer. We steer up almost to the very foot of the glacier, which rises perpendicularly above us four hundred feet, and crash after crash comes the ice tumbling down in such proportions, as makes one feel that the steamer might be submerged by it.

The ice is a beautiful torquoise blue, and is

in regular pinnacles, with great crevasses running into the glacier. We soon prepare to go ashore in the little boat, for a long tramp, to get a look at the top of the glacier ; it seems but a short distance, and we walk on and over the sharp rocks which have been crushed by the power of the ice ; sand covers the ice, and when we think we have a firm footing, we find we are only stepping on ice covered with sand, and find ourselves in danger of a fall. We try many high points, but are not satisfied until we reach the highest peak of ice, and have one of the grandest views the eye can survey.

The glacier is said to be five miles wide and eighty miles long, to the grand old mountains of Crillow, fifteen thousand nine hundred feet high ; Mount Fairweather, fifteen thousand five hundred feet ; Mount Cook, sixteen thousand feet, and many others. Sometimes Mount Saint Elias can be seen, which is the highest mountain in North America, and the Devil's Thumb, looking no higher than the Washington monument, a sheer monster, six thousand feet high, with faces almost perpendicular. The whole glacier looks like a long mountain range of ice ; we can count no less than fifteen tribu-

tary glacial streams, any one of which, Mr. Hallock says, "is as large as the great Rhone glacier," which we crossed in Switzerland, and which seemed so wonderful at the time.

"Drawn from the inexhaustible but annually diminishing accumulations of snow, which fill the mountain valleys to a depth of at least two thousand feet, these separate streams unite like the strands of a rope to form the irresistible current of the Muir." No one could cross it, it is so full of deep crevasses and wedge-shaped and rounded cones of solid ice, capped by discolored and disintegrating snow. We gaze in wonder until our feet are cold standing upon the ice, and start to return, creeping over the sharp ice lest we fall into the deep gulches. Our steamer in the distance looks like a child's toy vessel. We selected some beautiful specimens of bowlders which, by the action of the ice upon them, were as smooth as if polished. We think if a good hotel were erected on the terminal moraine it would be well patronized; we should like to stay a week and hear the ice tumbling down, and look upon the "translucent depths of the glacier ice, whose radiance emulates the blue and green beryl, turquoise, chrysophos and emerald."

On our return to the vessel, after getting a good wetting from the waves which come so suddenly while trying to reach the boat, we compare our wornout shoes in climbing sharp rocks, those wearing rubbers found them cut into shreds, and the experiences of each are interesting.

We had climbed probably five or six miles, but we did not experience any fatigue, as a cold, bracing wind came off the glacier. The thermometer, according to the steamer's report, was in water forty degrees ; outside water forty-four degrees.

This glacier and the Davidson, which, according to Hallock, "are spurs or outflows of the same ice field, which has an unbroken expanse of four hundred miles, are large enough to lay over the whole domain of Switzerland."

We left our friends, Professor Wright, of Oberlin, and Dr. Patton, of Michigan, on the shore near the glacier, where they camp out for a month to take measurements of the progress of the glacier, its height, etc., and various phenomena in regard to it, which will be of great interest to the scientific world. They looked lonely enough under the great bare mountain, and beside the great

mountain of ice, with only two Indians for companions.

Professor Wright in his report says: "The Muir glacier presents to the observer many points of interest that have not heretofore been carefully studied. Among them its motion is likely to attract most attention; to appreciate the facts it is necessary first to give a brief description of the glacier.

"The glacier is not single, but compound, and has by no means free course to the sea. Roughly speaking, it may be said to occupy an amphitheatre about twenty-five miles in diameter from north to south, and thirty miles from east to west. The opening of this amphitheatre is towards the south-south-east into Muir Inlet or Glacier Bay, and is, according to our measurement, but two miles wide from one shoulder of the mountain approaching it from the southeast to the corresponding shoulder of a mountain in the south-west. Through this narrow opening all the excess of snow fall above, what melts upon the before-mentioned amphitheatre must find its escape. Into the centre of this amphitheatre no less than nine first-class glaciers pour their contents. Were one to reckon the respectable sub-branches visible, he would set

down the whole number of affluences at more than twenty. Four of the main branches come in from the east. But these have nearly spent their force on reaching the focus of the amphitheatre, and their medial moraines are crowded together about the eastern side of the outlet, having formed the receding series of terminal moraines upon that side. The first tributary from the south-west also practically loses its force before reaching the main current, and is piling up a series of terminal moraines along the western border.

“The main flow of ice reaching the water of Muir Inlet is from four main branches, two coming from the north-west and two from the north. The course of these tributaries is marked both above and below their junction, by a rough broken surface, much elevated above the other portion of the ice. The motion of this portion of the glacier proves to be much more rapid than has been generally supposed. Observations upon three portions, four hundred, one thousand, and one thousand five hundred yards from the front, show in that nearest the front a motion of one hundred and thirty-five feet per day. The summit of the lower one was a little over three hundred feet above the water, that of the

next about four, and of the third considerably more than four hundred, perhaps five hundred feet. The motion rapidly diminishes on approaching the medial moraine, brought down by the branches from the east. Along a line running parallel with that of the greatest motion, and about half a mile east from it, the rate of motion observed at two points was about ten feet per day. Thus we get an average daily motion in the main channel of the ice flow, near its mouth, of about forty feet across a section of one mile. From this an approximate estimate can be made of the daily discharge.

“The height of the ice front at the extreme point, is two hundred and twenty-five feet. Back a few hundred feet it is a little over three hundred feet, and at a quarter of a mile it reaches a height of four hundred feet. The depth of the water one quarter of a mile in front of the center, is eighty-five fathoms or five hundred and ten feet. Thus the conclusion is reached that a stream of ice seven hundred and thirty-five feet deep, five thousand feet wide, and one thousand two hundred feet long poured out into the inlet during thirty days of our stay in camp. This is at the rate of one hundred and forty-nine

million cubic feet per day. If this seems an improbable result, it is because one has not witnessed the many signs of the movement which is going on.

“Scarcely ten minutes passes, either in the day or night, without the reverberation of an extensive fall of ice. This reverberation can be heard for miles and reminds one of the bombardment of a city, or of a first-class thunder-storm. The waves startled by these falls, frequently wrapped in foam the beach near our camp, two and one half miles distant. Frequently the floating ice was so thick over the inlet that it was difficult to find passage-way for our canoe. One of the many large masses of ice projected sixty feet above the water and was about four hundred feet square. The portion above the water was somewhat irregular, but allowing that a symmetrical form thirty feet high would have contained all the ice above the water, that would give us a depth of about two hundred and fifty feet ; upon this calculation, that single berg contained forty million cubic feet. The house that measures forty by fifty by thirty feet contains sixty thousand cubic feet.

“The dimensions of the Idaho are, length

one hundred and ninety-five feet, width thirty-one feet by thirty feet above water, making one hundred and eighty-four thousand, one hundred and forty cubic feet: that berg was two hundred times larger than the Idaho.

"Thus we can see that the rate of motion shown by our measurement in the main channel of the ice current accords with the other facts. The largeness of the results need not surprise us, even when compared with that of Swiss glaciers, for the Swiss glaciers are contracted affairs in comparison with the Muir glacier. The outlet of the Muir glacier is four times as wide as those measured by Professor Tyndall, and the area occupied by the whole glacier is certainly six times as large as the whole surface from which the Mount Blanc glaciers derive their snow.

"Ice moves not so much from the inclination of its bed as from the extent of its mass.

"This is the first time that accurate observations have been made upon the movements of so large a mass of ice, and the results will not surprise those who have had the main elements of this problem in their minds."

We did not go north of Sitka on the Pacific coast, but Lieutenant Schwatka says:

"Almost as soon as Cape Spencer is doubled, the southern spurs of the Mount Saint Elias Alps burst into view, Crillon and Fairweather being prominent, and the latter easily recognized from our acquaintance with it from the waters of Glacier Bay. A trip of an hour or two takes us along a comparatively uninteresting coast, as viewed from the 'square off our starboard beam;' but all this time the mind is fixed by the grand Alpine views we have ahead of us, that are slowly developing in plainer outline here and there as we speed toward them. Soon we are abreast of Icy Point; while just beyond it comes down a glacier to the ocean that gives about three miles of solid sea-wall of ice, while its source is lost in the heights covering the bases of the snowy peaks just behind. The high peak to the right, as we steam by the glacier front, is Mount La Perouse, named for one of the most daring of France's long list of explorers, and who lost his life in the interest of geographical science. His eyes rested on this range of Alpine peaks in 1786, just a century ago. Its sides are furrowed with glaciers, one of which is the ice-wall before our eyes, and which is generally known as the La Perouse glacier. The highest peak of all, and

on the left of this noble range is Mount Crillon, named by La Perouse, in 1786, after the French minister of Marine; while between Crillon and La Perouse is Mount d'Agelet, named for the astronomer of that celebrated expedition."

VII.

MOUNT CRILLON, MOUNT FAIRWEATHER AND SISTER PEAKS. THE INDIANS AND THEIR PECULIARITIES.

CRILLON cleaves the air for sixteen thousand feet above the sea, on which we rest, and can be seen for over a hundred miles at sea. It, too, is surrounded with glaciers in all directions from its crown. Crillon and La Perouse are about seven miles apart, nearly north and south of each other.

About fifteen miles north-west of Crillon is Lituya Peak, ten thousand feet high ; and the little bay-opening that we pass, between the two, is the entrance to Lituya Bay, a sheet of water which La Perouse has pronounced as one of the most extraordinary in the world for grand scenery, with its glaciers and Alpine shores. Our steamer will not enter, however, for the passage is dangerous even to small boats—one island bearing a monument to the officers and men of La Perouse's expedition, lost in the tidal-wave which sweeps

through the contracted passage like breakers over a treacherous bar.

Some ten or twelve miles north-west from Lituya Peak is Mount Fairweather, which bears abreast of us after a little over an hour's run from Lituya Bay. It was named by Cook in 1778, and is generally considered to be a few hundred feet shorter than Mount Crillon. It is in every way, by its peculiar isolation from near ridges, almost as high as itself, a much grander peak than Crillon, whose surroundings are not so good for a fine Alpine display.

Fairweather, too, has its frozen river flowing down its sides; but none of these reach the sea, for a low, wooded country, some three or four miles in width, lies like a glacis at the seaward side of the Saint Elias Alps, for a short distance along this part of the coast. The sombre, deep green forests add an impressive feature to the scene, however, lying between the dancing waves below and the white and blue glacier ice above.

Rounding Cape Fairweather, the coast trends northward; and, as our bowsprit is pointed in the same direction, we have a view of immense glaciers reaching to the sea.

From Cape Fairweather (abreast of Mount

Fairweather) to Yakutat Bay, (abreast of Mount Vancouver), no conspicuous peak rears its head above the grand mountain chain, which, for nearly one hundred miles, lies between these two Alpine bastions ; but, nevertheless, every hour reveals a new mountain of five to eight thousand feet in height, which, if placed anywhere else, would be held up with national or state pride as a grand acquisition ; here they are only dwarfed by grander peaks.

On our return from Alaska, our steamer anchored off Metlakahtla, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians, built around a bay on Chimsagan Peninsula, just below the Alaskan boundary line, and but a little way south of Fort Simson, in British Columbia, the chief Hudson Bay Company trading post of the region, where the great canoe market and the feasts and dances of the Indians enliven the centre of trade each fall. The coast is rugged and fierce as the natives who inhabit it. Metlakahtla, in the distance, looks like a New England village, with its white frame houses and large white frame meeting house.

The story, as learned, of these Indians, of their terrible barbarity, is almost too horrible to believe. Nine Tsimshean tribes centre

around Fort Simson, notorious on the whole coast for their cruel, bloodthirsty savagery—given up to dark superstition and atrocious habits of cannibalism—they were constantly waging wars upon the neighboring tribes. Their warfare was carried on with revolting cruelty, and in taking captives they enslaved the women and children and beheaded the men.

Mr. William Duncan, of England, left mercantile life to take up this missionary work, under the auspices of the English Church Missionary Society, in 1857; he came around Cape Horn; the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company urged upon him the folly of attempting to civilize the murderous hordes of the North Pacific, warning him that they would murder him. Mr. Duncan seems to have been one of the noblest and most heroic men that ever undertook to christianize and civilize the Indians. General Sheridan says: "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian." Mr. Duncan showed most conclusively that they are subject to the same influences that white men are.

The Tsimshean's beliefs and superstitions are merely based on their rich fund of legendary lore. They have a version of the crea-

tion, and of the flood ; they believe in good and evil genius, and in special deities who control the seas and storms. They believe that the world was once wrapped in utter darkness and inhabited only by frogs ; the frogs refusing to supply the devil with ooluchan, he, to be avenged, sneaked into heaven and stole daylight, which was kept there in the form of a ball, and broke it over their heads, and thus gave light to the world. The chief traits of the devils were lying and stealing.

The world was at one time very close to heaven, so very close that the people in heaven could hear the voices of those on earth, and the people on earth could hear the voices of those in heaven ; the children of the earth made such a clamor that they disturbed the great Shimanquet Lakkah, and he shoved the earth a long way off. In the next world the good will have the best quality of fish and game, while the wicked will receive only that caught out of season and of the poorest quality.

The medicine man, claiming direct intercourse with the spirit world, held great influence over the people. He arrayed himself in the skin of a lion or wolf, the head and

muzzle of which formed a helmet, the tushes falling about the temples. A hideous carved mask covered his face, while armlets and anklets, of repulsive design, encircled his shrivelled limbs. To add to the ferocity of his appearance, the exposed parts of his body were daubed with red and black paint, and he was covered with pendant charms, such as dried skunk skins, distended fish-bladders, tails of animals, feathers, rare shells, highly polished little horns, eagles' claws, engraved bones and teeth, which dangled about him as he advanced into the room, with a series of postures and jerks, armed with a mystic wand and a large wooden rattle, fashioned in the form of an eagle, with a demon covered on its back, pulling out a man's tongue with its teeth, he proceeds aggressively to overpower and frighten away the evil spirits by giving vent to a series of unearthly wailing and guttural sounds, vehemently brandishing and marking time with the rattle. If not successful in frightening away the evil one by these noises, he begins to hack the ailing part and suck and burn it out.

The Shaman receives a liberal retainer, in view of securing his cleverest arts in exorcising the invading demon. This evil spirit

was supposed to be sent by some designing enemy, who, if discovered, was killed by the relative of the afflicted. If the patient recovered, the Shaman received an additional fee; if he died, the fees must be returned forthwith, and he also sometimes suffered death as a penalty for his "bad medicine."

All of the Northern Pacific tribes of Indians are full of inordinate personal vanity and pride. Because of a slight taunt or insult, a man will sometimes kill a slave or destroy all his property, believing that he thereby wipes out the disgrace.

"Some years ago," says Mr. Welcome, "an officer in charge of a division of an Arctic Search Expedition indiscreetly gave out that he was about to send for a certain prominent chief, word of which reached the ears of the chief in question, who was in the habit of being waited upon, or the honor of his presence requested; so when the officer's emissaries arrived, they were carved, and grilled, and eaten by the affronted chief and his council—this to wipe out the insult."

They give great feasts when they accumulate enough property, and impoverish themselves. Most of their property is in furs and blankets, which is their exchange. Sometimes

at their feasts they kill their slaves and give away their furs and blankets; and the one who can give the greatest feast, and give away the most, is considered the most prominent and greatest man among them.

When the girls reach the age of puberty, they are confined for one month in an isolated cabin. No one is allowed to see them at this time, and it is supposed that they are away on a voyage to the moon, or to some other celestial abode, and at the end of the month they return to their people, amid great feasting and rejoicing.

It is on the occasion of a feast accompanying Potlach, or giving away, or destroying property, or the return of a maiden, or the initiating of youth into the mysteries of Shamanism, that dog eating and cannibalism, devil dancing and other wild revelries occur. In one of his letters Mr. Duncan writes: "To attempt to describe their condition would be but to produce a dark, revolting picture of human depravity. The dark mantle of degrading superstition envelops them all, and their savage spirits, swayed by pride, jealousy and revenge, were ever hurrying them on to deeds of blood. Their history is little else than a chapter of crime and misery."

Shortly after Mr. Duncan's arrival he witnessed, while standing on the gallery of one of the bastions, a most sickening sight. A party of hideously painted and bedecked cannibals, tearing limb from limb the body of a woman who had just been foully murdered by a chief, each struggling for a morsel of the human flesh, which they devoured, accompanying their fiendish orgies with unearthly howls and the weird beating of their medicine drums. Bespattered with the blood of their victims, maddened with rum, frenzied by their hysterical enthusiasm in these superstitious rites, they wrought themselves into wild, furious delirium, imitating ravenous wolves in their ferocity. These ceremonies continued during the night, and were followed by debaucheries lasting several days, during which time most terrible atrocities were perpetrated, several of their number being slain just without the gates of the fort.

These were the barbarians whom Mr. Duncan came across the Atlantic to civilize. He commenced at once to learn their language, and he called Clark, one of the most intelligent Tsimshean natives, to assist him in learning it. In the fort all intercourse with them was by means of signs common to the



DEVIL'S THUMB, ALASKA.

coast ; no white man had ever been able to master the language. At the end of several months he was able to write sufficiently in the language to explain to them what he wished to accomplish among them, and to bring to them a message from God, not to trade for their blankets and furs, and to show them how they could be equal to the white man. They considered him a supernatural being, and he was received among them kindly, notwithstanding the warning he had received from the inmates of the fort that his life was in danger. It was difficult to gain their attention, they were so much interested in the buttons on his coat. He repeated over and over what he desired to teach them, until they gave due heed to what he wanted them to learn.

Their figures of speech were picturesque and expressive. One minister says : "Mr. Welcome addressed them as 'children of the forest,' and was not a little confused when he found that his interpreter could only render it in the Chinook jargon, '*Tanass man cupah hyyn stick*,' signifying little men among many sticks and stumps."

VIII.

MR. DUNCAN AND HIS MISSION WORK AMONG THE NATIVES.

SPEAKING of translations, Professor G. F. Wright told the Boston ministers of a ludicrous turn in an Indian version of the twenty-third Psalm, which he found in his Alaska peregrinations. The missionary had been handicapped in his endeavor to translate "The Lord is my shepherd," by the utter absence in Alaska of anything like ordinary sheep. He finally thought he had surmounted the difficulty, and passing the result of his labors over to the natives, was dumfounded to hear them read, "The Lord is a first-class mountain sheep hunter."

Mr. Duncan told them the simple story of the Bible and Jesus Christ, and how terrible was the crime of murder, and contrasted what made the difference between them and the white man. He opened a school at one of the chief's, and children and older persons gladly came; he built a log school-house.

They soon began to see the difference between the white men and themselves, and learned ~~the~~ secret of eternal things, which they did not possess. He was a good pastor ; he visited the homes of all classes, and learned all their customs, and got into their hearts, and found that they were susceptible to kindness and attention, the same as the white people.

The Shamans, or medicine men, were his greatest hindrance, for they soon learned that their sorcery would come to an end if the people were enlightened, as they would not then believe in their jugglery. But he was determined to thwart them in their fury to stop the schools, and many times, by his boldness and daring, prevented them murdering him.

They found in him a friend when they were sick or in trouble ; he showed them the material advantages to be gained by following the teachings of Christ and the new life—he did not teach them spiritual things first. Mr. Duncan found them extremely filthy. I don't think we ever saw, in all our travels, such filth and stench as we experienced in their huts and cabins in Alaska. Mr. Duncan went to the foundation of things, and at once set about cheapening the price of soap

by teaching them how to make it. They formerly had to pay one mink skin, worth a dollar, for a bar of soap the thickness of one finger, whereas he produced a large bar for sixpence ; this was only the beginning of the introduction of other industries, which had a decided effect upon them.

The Alaskan Commercial Company has a monopoly of the fisheries and trade in furs throughout Alaska and, it is said, opposes all territorial government, education, and every civilizing effort, because it affects unfavorably the Company's greed of gain. We met their agents everywhere decrying the schools, the missions, and opposing the admission of Alaska as territory under the laws which govern other territories of the United States.

When any movement is made to get an appropriation from Congress for educational and other matters for the good of Alaska, agents and lobbyists are sent to Washington to work against the measures, because, forsooth, it would effect unfavorably the trade of the Alaskan Commercial Company ; the mineral laws alone are in force.

Mr. Duncan soon began to have great opposition in his work from the Hudson Bay Company, because these civilizing habits,

which he taught the Indians, affected their trade. At the end of four years he had a number of sincere followers, but the influence and bad habits of the white, and the drunkenness which gathers around a trading-post, and the influence and intercourse with the Indians who continued their heathenish rites, and who tried in every way by taunting them to destroy the work of the christian white man.

“One of the most serious difficulties,” said Mr. Welcome, “in reforming the women, lay in the practice of the parents selling their daughters, and that the men hired out their wives and slaves to white men for prostitution. In holding slaves as their concubines, not unfrequently the white traders left children of their own blood in slavery.”

Mr. Duncan decided to go off by himself and gather the Indians about him where they would be safe from these influences. He selected a place called Metlakahtla, about twenty miles from Fort Simson, and the site of one of the ancient Tsimshian villages. Metlakahtla presented the advantages of good and convenient fishing and hunting grounds, a good harbor, and a suitable soil for gardening; besides nature has modeled

its surroundings on a plan of remarkable beauty and grandeur. Mr. Duncan pulled down his school-house and formed his materials into a raft to be navigated to Metlakahtla harbor. He describes as extremely solemn and impressive the embarkation of his little flock of fifty Tsimshean Indians, in their six canoes. They had great opposition from the Shamans, and some promised to follow them.

Now, in about twenty or twenty-five years, they have built up a model town that they have reason to be proud of. Those who joined Mr. Duncan in the new location, subscribed to the following rules :

First.—To give up their ahhid or Indian devils.

Second.—To cease calling in the Shamans, or medical men, when sick.

Third.—To cease gambling.

Fourth.—To cease giving away their property for display.

Fifth.—To cease painting their faces.

Sixth.—To cease indulging in intoxicating drinks.

Seventh.—To rest on the Sabbath.

Eighth.—To attend religious instruction.

Ninth.—To send their children to school.

Tenth.—To be cleanly.

Eleventh.—To be industrious.

Twelfth.—To be peaceful.

Thirteenth.—To be liberal and honest in trade.

Fourteenth.—To build neat houses.

Fifteenth.—To pay the village tax.

Is not the above a pretty good set of rules to govern any community? A strip of land was marked out for church purposes and the rest of it divided among the Indians.

Most of those who knew of Mr. Duncan's movements, prophesied that his efforts to civilize such barbarous tribes of cannibals would be a failure, but he put his whole heart and soul into the work.

His faith has been proven in the wonderful results attained, and the self-respecting, self-supporting community at Metlakahtla proves that the Indians can be civilized as well as educated in one generation, if the right man and the right means are employed. He placed upon the Indians themselves much of the responsibility; he taught them to govern themselves. He organized a village council of twelve, including the chiefs who had joined him, and a constabulary force; he was obliged often to use his own judgment

arbitrarily, but the council was consulted on all important matters.

It could not be expected that their sense of justice and right would predominate, having been educated so many years in such barbarous practices. Their sitting in judgment was often very anomalous, especially in passing judgment upon the offences of their own people.

"Various public works," says Mr. Welcome, "were required, and consequently a tax was necessary ; this was fixed at one blanket, valued at two dollars and fifty cents, for each male adult ; and one shirt, valued at one dollar, for such as were approaching manhood. The first assessment yielded to the exchequer the following unique return : One green, one blue and ninety-four white blankets, one pair white trowsers, one dressed elk skin, seventeen shirts and seven dollars."

They were put to work in making the premises healthful, by digging drains, making roads, etc. They built two large houses to accommodate the wild Indians who came to trade with them, so that they should not mingle with their old companions in their uncivilized state. They dug wells and formed a public common and play ground. Mr.

Duncan introduced innocent games to keep them from the more deleterious games of gambling, to which they had habituated themselves. He introduced trades and encouraged them to hunt and fish, and gather berries, and planned for the sale, by exporting their various products of furs, fish, etc.

It was with great difficulty that he could change their former customs and habits, as they clung to them with great tenacity. He freed all slaves that he could reach ; many fugitives came to Metlakahtla, and he kept them until they could be restored to the original tribes from which they came ; this was as terrible a crime in the eyes of the old chiefs, as the harboring of slaves by the abolitionists in this country before the war, in the eyes of those south of Mason and Dixon's line. His life was often in danger, but he was supported in his work by his followers. Slavery still exists in Alaska and British Columbia, but I have no doubt to a limited extent among the inland tribes, owing to Mr. Duncan's humane work offering an asylum for slaves from all parts of the Indian settlements in the northwest.

The hostility of the Hudson Bay Company's agents to Mr. Duncan was great, on account

of his buying his own vessel to transport the products of his settlement ; he did this to prevent imposition and extortion, and his introduction of the trades and industries of civilization interfered with that company's monopoly. All the coast traders lost no opportunity to traduce him, charging that his mission was simply a private money-making scheme ; the slave traders and Shamans and chiefs were alarmed to see the success of Mr. Duncan's civilizing efforts upon the Indians, as it was destroying their power and influence over them, and all were sworn enemies, using every means to overthrow his mission.

His heroic conduct in treating the small-pox, which broke out among the Indians with fearful ravages, destroying thousands of lives, added greatly to his influence ; he vaccinated all who came to him, and only five Tsimsheans who came with him to Fort Simson died, and these took the plague while caring for outside sufferers. The Indians were so demoralized at its terrible ravages, that trade and all avocations among the tribes were suspended ; he did all he could to relieve them, far and near ; great numbers came to him for aid, and as far as he could he ministered to them, guarding the safety and welfare of his

own people ; all this gave him great favor with the Indians.

He fought all adverse influences single-handed in this community of half-enlightened savages. On the first voyage of the vessel to Victoria, Mr. Duncan could not get a pilot, so he navigated the vessel himself. The Indians had contributed something towards its purchase, and at the end of a few months a handsome dividend was paid on each share ; his own share of the profit he devoted to the objects of his mission.

He established a store on the co-operative plan, in which each villager was a stockholder of at least one share. They were astonished when they found that their investment of ten blankets had increased to eleven. This was a new revelation. Formerly, in storing up their furs and blankets in their own huts, they became injured and depreciated by mildew and insects.

Prosperity began to smile upon this Arcadian community. Mr. Duncan, with his wonderful zeal and great energy, conquered in spite of the many obstacles which threatened his progress. As they began to show signs of development, he delivered simple lectures, illustrated by maps and a stere-

opticon, on history, geography, astronomy, morals, etc. He seems to have had the power to wield successfully the influence of pastor, ruler, and every other calling that was necessary to instruct and civilize the Indians.

At one of the elections for village councilmen an incident occurred which would be amusing to some of our politicians. "The ballot in favor of a candidate must be unanimous, in order to secure election. On one occasion a black ball was cast, and as the nominee enjoyed an excellent reputation, Mr. Duncan gave out that he would like to see the dissenter privately. Early the next morning the individual called and complained, that on a certain day the candidate had been given one dollar too much in making change at a store, and had asked him if he ought to keep it. "He ought to know himself that he ought to be honest, without asking me, that is why I thought he ought not to be a councilman." The severest form of punishment was public whipping for the crime of threatening or attempting bloodshed, and which occurred only four or five times. They were naturally so proud and vain, that they considered it a great disgrace.

In dealing with some offences, a black flag

was hoisted over the prison. The people would inquire of each other, "who is the offender?" When it was known, public opinion made it so warm for him, that he was obliged to reform or leave the village.

To keep up their growth in civilization, the old houses were pulled down, and new and better ones erected. The cost of the new houses was beyond their means, and Mr. Duncan promised to assist them for each house, sixty dollars in lumber. A new church, holding one thousand two hundred people, a town hall, dispensary, reading room, market house, blacksmith, carpenter, cooper and tin shops, work sheds and soap factory were built, and a sea-wall to protect the village, water power and saw mills were erected. An old Indian who heard that Mr. Duncan intended to make water saw wood, said, "If it is true that Mr. Duncan can make water saw wood, I will see it and then die."

Mr. Duncan used the profits from various investments, received assistance from friends, and used his own private funds. He visited England in 1870, and procured machinery, and learned various trades, such as weaving, wire pulling, twine spinning, brush making, etc. He also learned the gamut of several

musical instruments, and on his return to Metakahtla, organized a brass band of twenty-one instruments, which gained great renown on the coast; an organ was also placed in the church.

On his return he was received with all pomp and honor, as if he had been a king. His account was exceedingly graphic and interesting. They assured him that they had constantly prayed for his safe return, and now God had answered their prayers and revived their hearts after much weeping. Many sat up all night with him talking over what had happened. What a contrast between this and his reception in 1857; then they were all superstitiously afraid of him.

Such a grand success and change at Metakahtla had its influence upon other tribes far into the interior, and up and down the coast. A number of chiefs had been converted, some of them the most fierce barbarians, and Segair, a leader of the cannibal feast which Mr. Duncan witnessed on his first arrival, and who boasted of the number of lives he had taken, was "at length humbled and led like a lamb." He, at one time, tried to assassinate Mr. Duncan. He became a cabinet maker and carpenter, and a truly exemplary Chris-

tian. The Indians from Metlakahtla went out among all the tribes in all that region at their own expense, and taught them in simple, figurative language. Here is a sample of their method :

“Brothers, sisters, you know the way of the eagle? The eagle flies high, and the eagle rests high. He rests on the highest branch of the highest tree, then he is free from fear of all beneath him. Brothers, sisters, Jesus to us is the highest branch of the highest tree. Let us rest on him, then. We, too, need not fear, all our enemies beneath us.”

The whole coast, both Indians and white, heard of the wonderful change, and flocked to the village to trade, and see the almost marvelous transformation.

The Chilkat Indians, whom we visited in Alaska, have the reputation of being a fierce and bloodthirsty tribe, and who live five or six hundred miles from Metlakahtla, visited them, arraying themselves in all their magnificence of barbaric finery, so as to impress the people with their greatness and importance. They were astonished at the sight of the buildings, and of their thrift, so much like the white people of Victoria. They

wanted to see the man who was chief and manager of the village, who had wrought such wonders.

Mr. Duncan came to them with his common working clothes on ; they pretended that they could not see him, and looked over and beyond him ; they preserved their countenances in solid rigor to maintain their great dignity, never uttering a word, save the ceremonies of a formal greeting. He conducted them to his house, and gave them the place of honor for distinguished guests ; they continued to look at him in utter silence for some time, and finally broke out : " Surely, you cannot be the man ! Why, you are a little man, and we expected to see a great and powerful giant, gifted in magic, with enormous eyes, that could look right through us and read our thoughts ! No ; it is impossible ! How could you tame the wild and ferocious Tsimsheans, who were always waging war, and were feared throughout the whole coast ? They tell us you have God's book, and you have taught them to read it ; we want to see it."

Upon the Bible being placed before them, and on being told that it was by following the teachings of this book that the Metla-



IN THE HOODOO COUNTRY.

kahtlans had become enlightened, each one touched it reverently with the tip of his finger, and said, "ahm, ahm," it is good, it is good. After remaining several days, seeing the wonderful village, trading, etc., they returned, impressed very much, no doubt, with the things they had seen.

The influence of these Christian Indians for good has been very great on our Alaskan tribes. While our soldiers were at Fort Wrangell some of these Metlakahtlans were employed as laborers. They were sober, Sabbath-keeping Indians, and through their influence a considerable number of the Stickeens, at that place, were led to Christ before Mrs. McFarland, our first missionary teacher, reached Alaska. They became members of the first church organized there under the successful labors of Rev. Mr. Young. Phillip, the first native teacher and interpreter, and Mrs. Dickinson, also an interpreter, were both educated at Metlakahtla.

One Sabbath morning, soon after the church was organized, as the people were gathering for public worship, five stalwart-looking Indians, clad in army blue, and each with a water-proof on his arm, walked into the chapel, and reverently worshipped God

there, although it afterward appeared that they could not understand the dialect used in the services. They proved to be Metlakahtla Indians, who had been carrying goods up the Stickeen River to the Cassar mines. On their return, Saturday night overtook them at Fort Wrangell, and, true to their principles, they fastened their boats to the shore, and kept the Sabbath. Monday morning they went their way homeward. But such an object lesson could not fail to have an influence on the ruder and less Christianized race, for they have influenced for good all the tribes with which they have come in contact.

IX.

A REVIEW OF MISSION WORK IN ALASKA. THE CLOSE.

MR. DUNCAN was inspired to dedicate himself to this great work of civilizing these people on account of a graphic portrayal of the barbarous degradation of the Tsimshéan savages, in Admiral Preroth's narrative. After twenty-five years absence, the Admiral says: "God has brought me back again, amidst all the sundry and manifold changes of the world, face to face with these tribes, amongst whom I have witnessed only bloodshed, cannibalism and heathen deviltry in its grossest form; now they are sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. The very church warden, dear old Peter Simpson, who opened the church door for me, was the chief of one of the cannibal tribes."

"Mr. Duncan began his work," says Mr. Welcome, "by first mastering the tongue and

then studying, in their own homes, the minds and inner life, the habits and customs of these painted, half-naked savages, as at night they clustered around their hearth-stones, the blazing fire casting a weird glow over their swarthy faces. He learned from them their ideas of the creation, of the mystery of death, their religious superstitions, their history as told in legends ; in short, he studied them and their capacities, as a student studies the relative equivalents of the elements in chemistry ; as a Samaritan to their sick ; as a peacemaker when fierce passions stirred strife ; as a comforter in their hours of trouble and woe, he not only won their affection and confidence, but he also implanted in their hearts the germs of good will and forbearance towards each other ; he exemplified and upheld by his own pure life those true principles of morality that stand the crucial test of the ever suspicious scrutiny of the savage."

He dispensed with everything in the way of form or ceremony that would distract their attention and taught them the simple truths of the Christian religion. Some one says, "the first step towards teaching a savage is to feed him ; the stomach being satisfied, he will listen to instruction, not before." Mr. Duncan grasped

intelligently the true science of civilization ; he learned the insistent needs and pliant capacities of the savages ; we have seen how effectively he provided for these needs, and trained these capacities.

In 1881, after Mr. Duncan's wonderful success, he met with great persecution from those who naturally should have been his warm friends and supporters ; he was only a layman, and would not take Church of England orders ; his answer to the Bishop of Columbia, who urged him, was, " that he feared that church orders would prove to him, what Saul's armor was to David, only an incumbrance, and therefore he preferred the stone and the sling."

Though Metlakahtla might rightly be considered Mr. Duncan's own particular domain, and the Indians have proved their appreciation of his faithful, unselfish labors by a love and devotion rare in such races, his plainest rights have been invaded and an effort made to drive him from his field of labor, and divide and distract his followers.

The Indians of British Columbia, without conquest, treaty or compensation, are declared to have no rights in the land which has been occupied for centuries by them or their an-

cestors, and this, their land, is now claimed to be the property of the Queen, while these "ancient children of the soil" are driven from their homes to seek others in Alaska, under the United States Government.

The United States have great reason to feel humiliated by the history of their treatment of the aborigines, but the one principle, which is also recognized by Great Britain, has at all times prevailed and been maintained, namely, that the Indian has the right of possession which can only be taken from him by conquest, or obtained through treaty or compensation. But the Canadian Government seems to have wrested the land and homes from these Indians because they have not the power to resist, which is not one whit better than highway robbery.

Alaska is only thirty miles distant from Metlakatla ; Mr. Duncan was delegated to visit Washington and lay the case before the United States Government, and ask certain privileges and encouragement for them to move into Alaska ; every encouragement that was consistent with international courtesy, was given Mr. Duncan by the authorities, and he addressed the following letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated February 9, 1887 :

“*Sir* :—

“I have the honor to address you on behalf of a community of Tsimshean Indians, numbering about one thousand souls, now located at Metlakahtla, British Columbia, near the border of Alaska, and in whose interests I have been deputed to visit Washington.

“This people for twenty years have been struggling their way to civilized life, and their substantial progress has won for them the admiration of all who have visited their settlement.

“Of late years, however, their prosperity has been cruelly arrested by the untoward action of the Provincial Government in reference to the land question. It would seem that British Columbia has assumed that the Indians have no rights in the land, and a land policy has been adopted there altogether foreign to the edicts and usages which have been followed in all other parts of Canada.

“The Indians, thus wronged, are driven almost to desperation, but rather than proceed to hostilities, they have decided to abandon their homes and seek protection under the American flag. They are looking anxiously to this country for sympathy, and for permission to build themselves a village in

Alaska. The losses involved in such removal, to such a poor people, are very appalling, hence the burden of my letter, which is, that if you can, by any lawful means, permit them to take into Alaska their belongings, free of duty, you will confer a great favor upon a deserving and suffering community.

"I have, etc.,

"W. DUNCAN."

Governor Swinford, of Alaska, indorsed the request. The removal of these civilized and largely educated Indians into Alaska will not only add a number of industrial enterprises, but will have a very beneficial effect upon the natives of that territory ; they will make good industrious citizens, whose influence upon the native tribes of Alaska will go far toward their complete civilization.

Dr. Jackson, United States Agent of Education in Alaska, says : "A few years ago Congress was ready to vote a large sum of money to encourage a colony of Icelanders to remove to Alaska. Surely the Government can afford to help these people who ask no money help. The Secretary of the Treasury granted the request of Mr. Duncan, relative to free entry of all articles belonging to such Indians, except such as may be

found to consist of merchandise, imported and intended as such for sale. All lands in Alaska being public domain, the Government cannot set apart any reservation in Alaska, and the land there can only be dealt with by Congress. But the Metlakahtlans might move into Alaska, and settle upon unoccupied land, reporting the occupancy to the department, and ample provision will be made to meet the necessities of law-abiding inhabitants."

Mr. Duncan, therefore, with the Metlakahtlan Indians, left their homes, with all their industries, and moved into Alaska, settling at Port Chester, Annette Island, where he has founded the new town of Metlakahtla, and it is being rapidly built.

The English people clogged the departure of the Indians in every way; Senator Vest, who visited them last summer, found their canoes on the shore, and the Indians ready to sail; the ecclesiastics seized their store and workshop; they stole from them eight thousand feet of lumber, and they had white men under arms ready to fire on the Indians if they attempted to bring away the buildings which they themselves had made. The poor savages were almost afraid to take away

their personal property, but they bore as Christians what these fanatics put upon them. There are now about one thousand or more of them in Alaska. They are clearing the forest, and have built a line of houses nearly a mile long among the big trees on the shore. They have put up a steam saw-mill, and have built a salmon cannery one hundred feet long and thirty-four feet wide. They are going to put up a big general house, and they hope to extend their civilizing work to other Alaskan tribes.

They are a valuable addition to our people in Alaska, and there is no doubt that Uncle Sam will give them a good title to their new home. It remains to be seen whether this new move for liberty of worship will prove as successful on a small scale as that of the Pilgrim Fathers.

At first they were not contented, they feared being shut off from fishing in British waters, and being excluded from Victoria, their most accessible market, by the customs tariff. It remains to be seen how much they are willing to sacrifice for liberty.

The passage of Senator Dawes's "Severalty Bill" gives hope of a new era in the treatment of the Indians in the United States.

The President has appointed commissioners under the bill, and the process of allotment has already begun. The work of civilization and education has not, however, kept pace with the work of allotment. The friends of the Indians are divided in opinion ; one party wanting guardians, or receivers, appointed to take care of his property, who shall be amenable to the courts, like other guardians; the other, that of creating a non-partisan commission, who shall take charge of all Indian tribes during the period of transition from the reservation system to that of Indian civilization.

We think we have demonstrated what has been done by one individual with the Tsimshian Indians, and what can be done with our Indian tribes, with teachers employed who are devoted and self-sacrificing in their work. The Government, we learned, has a sort of contract system with the Presbyterian Missions in Alaska, to give a certain amount towards educating the Indians ; and also in other sections, a sort of partnership with different religious organizations, which has created a good deal of denominational jealousy, on account of so large a proportion of Indian education drifting into the hands of the Roman Catholics.

The Indian agents appointed by the Government are not working in harmony with the teachers of the Indian schools, and in some cases at cross-purposes. We have some evidences of the same jealousy existing in our own country, as in the case we have been considering.

It becomes us, as American citizens, to study the Indian problem, of which we read so much. What is this problem? The "Christian Union" answers the query thus: "It is the question how Indians shall be brought to a condition of self-support, and of equal rights before the law, in which they will no longer require the special protection and control of the Government. It is important for the white people of our country that the Indians should have a fair chance, should be improved and civilized. If the inferior race is not instructed and elevated, it will be pauperized and debased. Whenever this is the fate of an Indian tribe, its women will be an everlasting curse to the young white men, and to the homes of the white people. Perhaps a part of the retribution for our national wrong and injustice to the Indians may come upon us in that way."

We have had the pleasure of drinking in

the picturesque scenery of Switzerland, Scandinavia, and as far north as North Cape, with all the glories and grandeur of the fjords, glaciers and mountains of Norway and the midnight sun. Through the country of the Tyrol, and almost every country of Europe, although so enjoying the grand and overpowering views of our own Yosemite Valley, with mountains and water-falls, cañons and lakes of the Yellowstone Park, but where in the wide world can you see, for two thousand miles, such a grand panorama of all that you can see in the above places? which daily and hourly is unrolled to your view, from the time you leave Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, across the Straits of Fuca to Victoria, British Columbia, passing Vancouver's Island, through the Gulf of Georgia, Queen Charlotte's Sound and numerous islands, sounds, inlets, etc., passing Princess Royal Island and San Juan Island on the right. These islands came near causing a war between Great Britain and the United States in 1856, but an arbitration was accepted, with Kaiser William, of Germany, as arbitrator, and he decided in favor of the United States.

It is impossible to describe Alaska and its

wonderful scenery. One must go himself and witness on what an immense and massive scale everything appears. Words fail to express what one sees as one sails among the ten thousand islands, numerous glaciers and great mountains, with beautiful bays, inlets, rivers, lakes, sounds and the verdure of trees as they bend down to the water's edge, reflecting their beauty in the clear water. When we see what God has done for this great country of ours, for its material interests, and, last, though not least, created for us the grandest natural scenery in the wide world, and given us an opportunity to gaze upon His wonderful works and drink in the health-giving breezes from mountains and ocean, why should we not turn our thoughts to the great Author of all things and worship Him and serve Him more devoutly than ever?

APPENDIX.

NOTE.

ALASKA MISSION WORK.

Mr. Duncan, the missionary layman, writes from Metlakahltla, their new home in Alaska, hopefully, although they have been quite unfortunate. He says, "We speak plainly of the treatment we have received from the Government of British Columbia and Canada, and the Church Missionary Society of London, England, which together have eventuated in our leaving our old settlement and migrating to Alaska." Mr. Duncan gives an account of "A Day at Metlakahltla," which is full of interest:

"Having twenty-two men employed, I began the duties of the day by going to look after them. I found waterproof coats doffed, and everybody outside seemed brisk and busy. Before I had finished my inspection, I was summoned to breakfast; but I told the cook to ask Dr. Bluett not to wait for me. Having finished my work outside, I took a hasty meal. Then the school-bell rang, and quickly one hundred and thirty-two children, all with happy faces, took their places in school. (I should note here that thirty-five of our youths have been taken to the Industrial Training School at Sitka, about 250 miles north of this). We commenced school as usual, by singing a verse of the good old hymn, 'Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.' Prayer followed, and then the scripture lesson—the subject this morning being the meeting of Jacob and Esau. The children then marched to their classes, seven in number, the sexes being divided, with the exception of the first class. I have three native assistants, and we go to work at what is called the three R's, and soon the usual hum of school sets in. We teach the children to read and write in English, but I am sorry to say the lessons

furnished in the primary reading books are generally very unsuitable for Indian children, having too much nonsense about cats owning tails, and dogs being able to bark, and so forth; all such information appearing very ridiculous to the Indian aspirant after learning, when translated into his mother tongue. This morning the reading lesson in one class was exceptionally good; it was the fable of the dog and the shadow. After reading the lesson, the children were asked to write on their slates what they thought was the lesson the fable teaches us. One boy wrote, 'When people let fall the truth they find nothing.'

"We have no fire in our school, and the building we are temporarily using is so drafty, that if king Alfred with his candle clock occupied it, he would be obliged to use curtains to keep the flame steady. I therefore gave the children ten minutes' recess to warm themselves by a scamper on the beach. The lively scene which ensued would take too long to describe. I suppose this is the only school in Alaska where there is no fire, yet I doubt very much whether there be such another healthy community of children in any part of the territory as ours is. Time being up, lessons recommence. At the end of the three school hours, the children seem glad to get their freedom. The boys rush to secure their wonted places for their favorite game of marbles, and so fascinated are they with this game, that they seem to forget they need any food before returning to school. On several occasions I have caught them playing in pouring rain, and twice lately I saw them playing on the road by the light of a lantern. I see that an Indian boy is as proud of his bag of marbles as a white boy is.

"A little pleasant excitement was caused in the village this morning by two men—employed by our musicians—setting to work to fell a huge and noble-looking pine. The stir was due to the difficulty of the undertaking. The tree had to be cut about twenty-four feet from the ground, and made to fall in a certain direction, to avoid crushing the houses near to it. The men performed their work admirably, and were so elated with their success that they nailed a pole on the top of the stump with four small American flags attached to it. The twenty-four feet of the trunk left standing is to form the base for a stand on which the Brass Band will be mounted to greet our friends, or any Government officials when they come to see us.

"In the afternoon I went to our steam saw-mill, to talk over the work to be done, with our native foreman. The men have lately completed an order for over 16,000 cases from a salmon cannery about thirty miles distant. All the work of sawing, planing and stencilling these cases was done by the natives, and done so satisfactorily that the order given us for another year is nearly doubled.

"I then stepped into a sash and furniture work-shop, lately erected by two native artisans on their own account. They have managed to bring into their service a small stream to turn the wheel by which their lathe is worked. The men were busy executing an order from a neighboring Indian tribe for a grave fence. I noticed, too, they had finished a nice-looking bedstead of yellow cypress, which, I learn, forms part of an order from Portland, Oregon. My business with them was to tender the work of making me some large windows and doors for the new school we are erecting—if we can agree upon the terms. I left them to think over the prices, and let me know them to-night.

"I next walked to the site on which we are erecting our permanent school, and gave some directions to the workmen.

"In the evening several of the men came to receive their wages, and others to pay their accounts for lumber obtained at the mill.

"After supper one of our people came to see me privately about a family quarrel, which he wished me to help him to settle. While, however, he was telling his story, another man walked in to press his complaint against a man of a distant tribe, a Hydah, who, with his party, happened to be here for the purpose of trade, and staying in the village guest-house. As it was supposed the accused man would be leaving our village early the next morning, I concluded to settle his case first. Accordingly I sent for our native constable—who holds a commission from the Government—and directed him to go and tell the stranger I wanted to see him, and that he might bring his friends with him. As the Hydah and Tsimshian languages are totally unlike, I also sent for one of our people who knows them both, to act as interpreter. In the meantime several persons dropped in to listen, and as soon as the Hydah and his friends arrived, we commenced the case.

"The affair was this: The complainant and the accused had met while hunting bears on Prince of Wales Island. The former greeted the latter courteously, but his civility was not reciprocated.

IV *From Yellowstone Park to Alaska.*

The Hydah, both by looks and words, and still more particularly by suspiciously manipulating his gun, showed signs of anger. The complainant stated that he kept his temper, otherwise he felt sure violence would have ensued. In defense the accused said that the complainant, not knowing the Hydah language, had allowed his fears to be unnecessarily aroused, that the angry words he used were not addressed to the complainant, but to the Hydah in company with him; and as for the way he carried his gun, that was explained by the fact that he was hunting bears. As no act of violence had been committed, or threatening language used, it only remained for me to caution and instruct the accused man, which I did very fully. I was glad to find that my words were well received. He thanked me, and said he was glad to hear good words and know the law, and on his return home he would not fail to tell his people what he had learned. The complainant and the accused then shook hands, and went away with the greater part of the audience.

"Among the few remaining was the man who came in first about his family quarrel, and a Hydah (not from the same village as the man I had just dismissed) who had a trouble to tell me. He said that he had chosen a young woman of the Thlinket people for a wife, and both the young woman and her guardian had favored his suit. The engagement being made, he went over to her tribe, and had already given a month's labor to her relations for their good will. For some reason, however, of which he professed to be ignorant, her guardian had suddenly annulled the engagement, and ordered him to leave the village. I promised to send a message to the persons concerned by the first canoe which leaves here, and when I have ascertained the facts on the other side, I shall know what to advise in the case. There are, I am sorry to say, some old customs still rife among these tribes in regard to marriage, which are constantly producing trouble. When questioned individually not an Indian will venture to defend them, and yet they retain their hold of the public mind. After the Hydah had left, I addressed the man who had patiently waited some hours for a private interview about his family affairs. The remedy for his trouble was humility and kindness. These I prescribed for him, and he went away.

"I then had two foremen to talk with about the morrow's work. After they had left me I took a peep at the beautiful moonlit sky.

Soon I heard the bugle sounding in the village the welcome 'Go to bed,' and then came my quiet hour for reading."

Our Government is helping the work in Metlekahtla by appropriating a certain amount for the schools. A sad disaster overtook them last January. Their steam saw-mill, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire at a loss of not less than \$12,000. Not discouraged, Mr. Duncan made plans for a new and larger mill, and started at once for Portland, Oregon, to purchase the necessary machinery. He says, "This may sound as if I already had the money in hand to meet the outlay with, but such was not the case. I felt, however, that we *must* have the mill, and doubted not that I should be able to get extra time allowed to pay the bills." In a little over two months the new mill was erected, and was double the capacity of the old mill. Friends were found to respond to Mr. Duncan's necessities.

Mr. Duncan, by request, writes a letter giving some explanation of the peculiar carving among the natives of Alaska, which is very interesting:

"I am glad to learn from your letter of 28th of March, that the silver spoons made by our native craftsmen are appreciated. In answer to your enquiries respecting the maker and his craft, I beg to inform you that he belongs to the Tsim-she-an nation, and his name was Tsah-am-sheg-ish (The power that draws shoreward). On becoming a Christian, some years ago, he was named Abel Bafer. In making tea-spoons, Abel tells me he beats each one out of a silver dollar; but for dessert-spoons, which require a dollar and a half, he has to melt the silver in a crucible. After hammering the piece of silver to the required length and thickness, he then forms the bowl of the spoon by beating the plate into a wooden mould of the size and shape he wishes the spoon to be. This done, he files and sand-papers his work (originally the dried skin of the dog-fish answered for this purpose). He then uses a smoothing stone, and he finally polishes with a handful of soft fibre—the dried and teased inner rind of cedar bark. His last operation is to carve the handle.

"The designs he cut on the spoons sent you are peculiar to the carving and painting of the Indians in this country, and are symbolic of the various crests or *Totems* (as they are sometimes called) which seem to have been adopted in far back ages to dis-

VI *From Yellowstone Park to Alaska.*

tinguish the four social clans into which each band is subdivided. The names of these four clans in the Tsimshean language are, 'Kish-poot-wadda,' 'Canadda,' 'Lach-e-boo,' and 'Lacksh-keak.'

"The Kish-poot-wadda, by far the most numerous hereabouts, are represented symbolically by the fin-back whale in the sea, the grizzly bear on land, the grouse in the air, and the sun and stars in the heavens.

"The Canadda symbols are the frog, the raven, the star-fish and the bull-head.

"The Lacheboo take the wolf, the heron, and the grizzly bear, for totems.

"The Lackshkeak the eagle, the beaver and the halibut.

"The creatures I have just named are, however, only regarded as the visible representatives of the powerful and mystical beings or Geni of Indian mythology. And, as all of one group, are said to be of the same kindred; so all the members of the same clan whose heraldic symbols are the same, are counted as blood relations. Strange to say this relationship holds good should the persons belong to different, or even hostile tribes, speak a totally different language, or be located thousands of miles apart. On being asked to explain how this notion of relationship originated, or why it is perpetuated in the face of so many obliterating circumstances, the Indians point back to a remote age, when their ancestors lived in a beautiful land, and where, in a mysterious manner, the mythical creatures whose symbols they retain, revealed themselves to the heads of the families of that day. They then relate the traditional story of an overwhelming flood, which came and submerged the good land, and spread death and destruction all around. Those of the ancients who escaped in canoes, were drifted about and scattered in every direction on the face of the waters; and where they found themselves after the flood had subsided, there they located and formed new tribal associations. Thus it was that persons related by blood became widely severed from each other; nevertheless they retained and clung to the symbols which had distinguished them and their respective families before the flood; and all succeeding generations have, in this particular, sacredly followed suit. Hence it is that the crests have continued to mark the offspring of the original founders of each family.

"As it may interest you to know to what practical uses the na-

tives apply their crests, I will enumerate those which have come under my own notice :

"First.—As I have previously mentioned, crests subdivide tribes into social clans, and a union of crest is a closer bond than a tribal union.

"Second.—It is the ambition of all leading members of each clan in the several tribes, to represent by carving or painting their heraldic symbols on all their belongings, not omitting even their household utensils, as spoons and dishes ; and on the death of the head of a family, a totem pole is erected in front of his house by his successor, on which is carved and painted more or less elaborately, the symbolic creatures of his clan as they appear in some mythological tale or legend.

"Third.—The crests define the bounds of consanguinity, and persons having the same crest are forbidden to intermarry ; that is, a frog may not marry a frog ; nor a whale marry a whale ; but a frog may marry a wolf, and a whale may marry an eagle.

"Among sons of the Alaskan tribes, I am told, the marriage restrictions are still further narrowed, and persons of different crests may not intermarry if the creatures of their respective clans have the same instincts ; thus, a Canadda may not marry a Lashkeak, because the raven of the one crest and the eagle of the other seek and devour the same kind of food. Again, the Kishpoot-wadda may not marry a Lacheboo, because the grizzly bear and wolf representing these crests, are both carnivorous.

"Fourth.—All the children take the mother's crest and are incorporated as members of the mother's family, nor do they designate or regard their father's family as their relations. A man's heir and successor, therefore, is not his own son but his sister's son. And in the case of a woman being married into a distant tribe away from her relations, the offspring of such union when grown up, will leave their parents and go to their mother's tribe and take their respective places in their mother's family. This law accounts for the great interest which natives take in their nephews and nieces, which seems to be quite equal to the interest they take in their own children.

"Fifth.—The clan relationship also regulates all feasting. A native never invites the members of his own crest to a feast, they being regarded as his blood relations are always welcome as his

VIII *From Yellowstone Park to Alaska.*

guests ; but at feasts which are given only for display, so far from being partakers of the bounty, all of the clansmen within a reasonable distance are expected to contribute of their means, and their services gratuitously, to make the feast a success. In the fame of the feast hangs the honor of the clan.

"Sixth.—What I have just written reminds me to add that this social brotherhood has a great deal to do with promoting hospitality among the Indians ; a matter of immense importance in a country without hotels or restaurants.

"A stranger, with or without his family, in visiting an Indian village, need never be at a loss for shelter ; all he has to do is to make for the house belonging to one of his crest, and which he can easily distinguish by the totem pole in front of it. There he is sure of a welcome, and of the best the host can afford. There he is accounted a brother, and treated and trusted as such.

"Seventh.—I may mention, too, that the subdivision of the bands into their social clans, accounts in measure for the number of petty chiefs existing in each tribe, as each clan can boast of its headmen. The more property a clan can accumulate and give away to rival clans, the greater number of headmen it may have.

"Eighth.—Another prominent use made by the natives of their heraldic symbols is that they take names from them for their children ; for instance, Wee-nay-ach, big fin (whale). Lee-tahm-lach-taou, sitting on the ice (eagle). Iksh-co-am-alyah, the first speaker (raven in the morning). Athl-kah-kout, the howler traveling (wolf).

"Ninth.—And last, but not least, the kinship claimed and maintained in each tribe by the methods of crests, has much to do with preventing blood-feuds ; and also in restoring the peace when quarrels and fightings have ensued. Tribes, or sections thereof, may and do fight, but members of the same social clan may not fight. Hence, in contests between two tribes, there always remain in each some non-combatants, who will watch the opportunity to interpose their offices in the interests of peace and order. In case, too, of a marauding party being out to secure slaves, should they find one or more of their victims to be of their own crest, such a person would be set free, and be incorporated as a member of their family, while the captives of other crests would be held or sold as slaves.

"In writing of these matters, it must be understood that I have kept in view the natives in their primitive state. The Metlakahtlans, who are civilized, while retaining their crest distinctions, and upholding the good and salutary regulations connected therewith, have dropped all the baneful and heathenish rivalry with which the clannish system was intimately associated."

Mr. Duncan has made frequent efforts to get the Canadian Government to reimburse the Indians who left Metlakahtla, their old home in British Columbia, for Alaska, as the Indian agent refused to allow them to take their buildings and other property with them, and allowed strangers to appropriate the property; much is now destroyed or stolen. He has assumed full control, and is now living with his family in the house Mr. Duncan built out of his private means, after his connection with the Church Missionary Society, of London. Mr. Duncan is in correspondence with our Government, at Washington, upon the subject, and it is to be hoped that this good man, who has done so much to civilize and educate the poor Indian, will get his honest dues from the Government of British Columbia, which has persecuted and robbed him.

Last New Year's was celebrated by services in the church at Metlakahtla, praying the old year out and the new one in. New Year's night they had a tea party, and after tea fourteen good speeches were made by native Indians, all aiming to point out the way they should go, and inciting each other to courage amid their misfortunes and discouragements.

We look with great interest to the result of this grand work of Mr. Duncan's.

WELCH, FRACKER COMPANY'S

Recent Publications.



From "IN WESTERN LEVANT."

THE MASTERPIECE OF THE BOOK-MAKER'S ART.

NOW READY

In Western Levant

BY

FRANCIS C. SESSIONS

President of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society



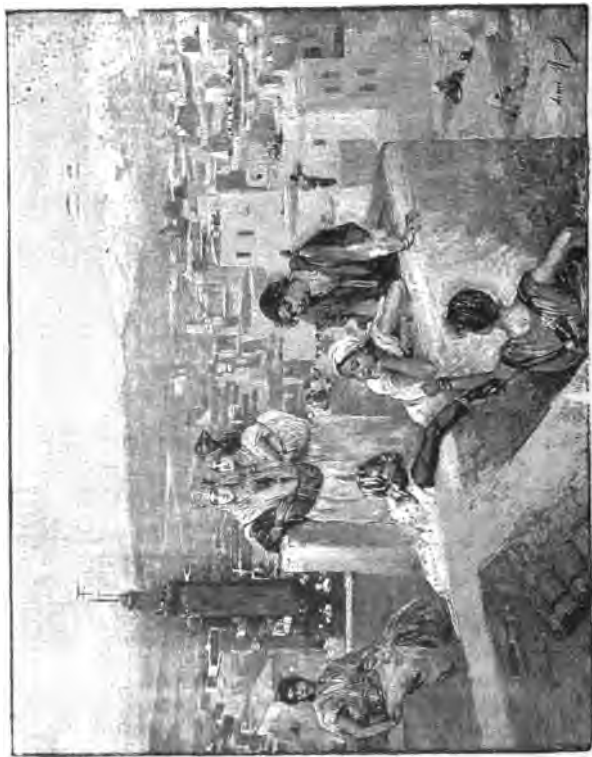
With over Fifty Vignette Illustrations by

HENRY W. HALL

Printed on Warren coated paper, title page in colors, exquisitely bound, with parchment label title, gilt top, etc.

Author, artist, and designer have combined successfully to make this the most superb product of exclusively American talent that has yet been placed upon the market.

12mo. Cloth, \$1.50, post-paid.



THE TERRACES OF FEZ AT SUNSET.

From "Into Morocco."

INTO MOROCCO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

PIERRE LOTI.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Benjamin Constant and Aimé Morot.

12mo, Cloth, \$1.25.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

"The hit of the year!"—*State Journal*.

"Full of color, picturesqueness and charming description." *From column review in N. Y. Tribune.*

"A famous book."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Rising from the perusal of these sparkling pages, the reader feels as if under the lingering influence of some wild dream."—*From a three-column review in the Hartford Times.*

"A very clever and readable volume by one of the most unhackneyed, entertaining and imaginative of living writers."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"'Into Morocco' is vivid in rich word-coloring, and every page charms with its quaint attractiveness."—*San Francisco Post.*

"Loti's account of travel into the interior of that country by no means lessens the feeling of mystery, but rather enhances it. He seems to have pursued his researches in a sort of dream, and while observing closely and describing clearly all he saw and heard, yet conveys throughout his book that same atmosphere of unreality and delicious languor, and one lays the book down with a sigh at having completed its perusal, and with the brain filled with visions of white-robed veiled figures, tents, hot, sandy deserts, and long trains of silently moving camels. It is an enchanting book, and the picturesque illustrations add not a little to its charms.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

"Only those who are familiar with the deep poetic feeling and power of description of Pierre Loti, can obtain any conception of the character of this book without reading it. Readers who love the romantic, will be delighted with the book."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Loti is, above all else, a literary colorist, and the pictures are wonderfully warm, sensuous and glowing."—*Chicago Times*.

"Mr. Loti has an artist's eye for the picturesque."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

"Rich in quotable extracts, for on every page is a picture worth impressing on the memory for its beauty. It is vivid and inspiring."—*Chronicle, San Francisco*.

"A famous book, intensely interesting, beautifully illustrated."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Delightful reading."—*Toledo Blade*.

"Sure of welcome. It is a series of emotions deeply felt, exquisitely translated."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Full of charm; not an effect is lost. We wish we had space to quote at fuller length from this fascinating book."—*Boston Literary World*.

"One of the most fascinating books of travel that has appeared this year."—*The Writer, Boston*.

"A book of sunshine."—*Chicago Herald*.



From "THE BANK TRAGEDY."

The Delightful Tale of French Life and Manners

EXPIATION

By TH. BENTZON

ADMIRABLY TRANSLATED

12mo. 35 cents.

"Far ahead of its fellows in theme and general treatment."—*World Herald*, Omaha.

"Attractive, clear, smooth and free. The interest deepens."—*Times*, Chicago.

"A charming novel, and a welcome addition to the store of first-class works."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"A beautiful example of life displayed. The plot is interesting, and characters strongly drawn."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"An admirable story."—*Albany Argus*.

"Charming and graceful."—*Boston Literary World*.

"It will be found delightful."—*Geyer's Stationer*.



A FLORENTINE CHURCH.

From "On the Wing Through Europe."

"ON THE WING THROUGH EUROPE, by F. C. Sessions, Esq., is a modest and well written account of what a less accurate man would not have seen, and a clearly given description of what a sensible and thoughtful pair of eyes did see in Europe. The exceedingly good taste, which is evident on every page, is added to full and complete mention of what one most wants to read about, and yet finds so little written about, as related to these topics. The binding is in harmony with the plan and execution of the whole volume."

—*Home Journal*.

"They are written with a remarkable grace, ease and clearness of style. His mind quickly seizes the salient points of interest and besides penetrates into regions not so often described by the ordinary traveler. It is a very interesting and instructive little book, and reveals the author as a man of vigorous intellect, keen observation, deep sympathy and excellent powers of description."—*Adams, Mass., Transcript*.

"While written modestly, simply and with no effort at vivid description, it does more to place the scenes, incidents and historic associations of a tour through the British Isles and on the continent of Europe before the reader intelligently, than any similar work we have ever seen. The engravings are fine, and two letters of Rev. Dr. Hutchins on famous English Divines, add greatly to the value of the book."—*Cincinnati Herald*.

"The letters are well written, and the descriptions of scenery, incidents, etc., are peculiarly interesting, showing that Mr. Sessions has been a careful observer. * * * The book is an exceedingly handsome one in printing and binding, and the elegant illustrations it contains add very much to its value and interest. We can cordially commend the work to our readers. It should have a very large and general circulation."—*Dispatch*.



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

From "On the Wing Through Europe."

"It is entirely unpretentious, and written in a lively and pleasing style. A breezy freshness and evident sincerity pervade its pages, and it is pleasant to learn what an unpretentious writer can make out of the old cities and time-honored buildings, the ancient rookeries and much-travelled thoroughfares of these older lands. The printed text shows good taste, and the illustrations add to its value."—*Christian at Work*.

"ON THE WING THROUGH EUROPE is the title of just such a journal of a flying tour of Europe, during the year of the Paris Exposition, as we might expect from almost any one of our clear-headed and sensible men of business writing for the entertainment of friends at home. Lively, concise, straightforward, touching lightly but intelligently upon a multiplicity of topics, without falling into sentimentality on the one hand, or lapsing into a too prosaic literalness on the other, it is an agreeable and unaffected record of impressions of travel. Its author's brief descriptions of phases of transatlantic life, manners, customs, and scenes, and of memorable places and buildings, are distinguished by the business man's faculty for close and sharp observation of men and things, and of arriving at rapid and generally just conclusions concerning them."—*Harper's Monthly*.

"The vast material upon which the traveler had to work is certainly attractively and instructively used in the narrow limits to which he confined his writing. Not the least attraction of the work is the series of twenty fine engravings, certainly the finest illustrations ever published in a work of this kind."—*Times*

"A series of very sprightly and readable letters to the *Ohio State Journal*, and we must say that they have lost nothing of their freshness and interest by reappearing in book form. We are reading it with great pleasure. The mechanical execution of the work—as shown in letter-press and engravings—is excellent—very creditable to the taste of the publishers."—*Springfield Republic*.



A ROMAN OX-CART.

From "On the Wing Through Europe."





From "YELLOWSTONE PARK TO ALASKA."



From "IN WESTERN LEVANT,"

NOW READY.

BY WHOSE HAND?

A NOVEL

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER,

Author of "By a Hair's Breadth," etc.

**MORE STIRRING, CLEVER AND VIGOROUS THAN EVEN HER
PREVIOUS SUCCESSFUL NOVELS.**

12mo, Paper, 35 Cents.

ADVANCE NOTICES:

"Edith Sessions Tupper's latest novel, 'BY WHOSE HAND,' is a distinct advance on her previous work in firmness of touch and method of treatment of her subject. The skill in plotmaking which the author manifests in a marked degree, makes the novel a fascinating one for those who wish to peruse a work of fiction which will hold the attention to the last paragraph. As a novelist, Mrs. Tupper improves with each work."—*N. Y. Press.*

"An original romance. The sedate reader (if any such remain) will find the story somewhat emotional, but will acknowledge its animation."—*Brooklyn Times.*

"The authoress has an imagination which is always vivid, and sometimes picturesque."—*Kate Field's Wash-
ington.*

JUST PUBLISHED

A PORTRAIT IN CRIMSON

A bright and entertaining Drama-novel.

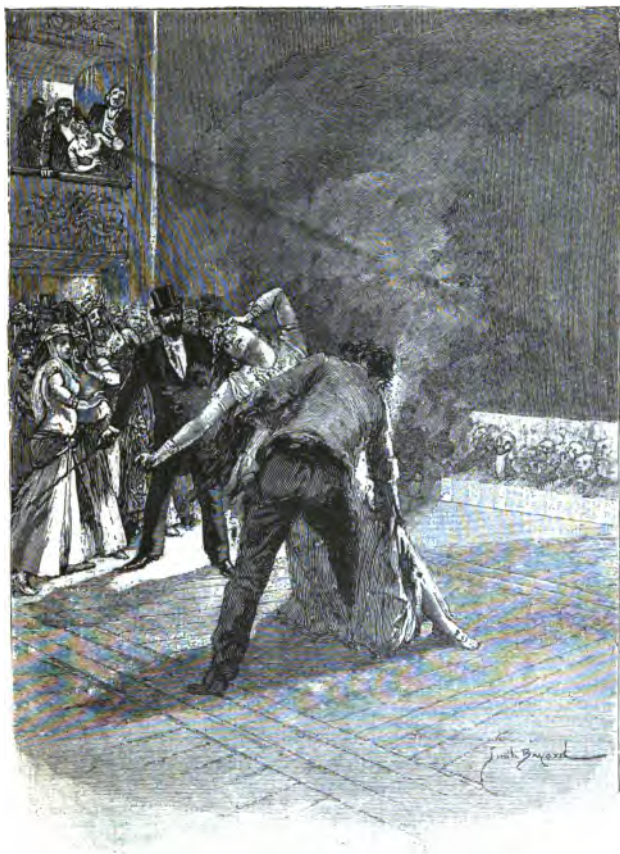
BY

CHARLES EDWARD BARNES.



Delicately printed on antique laid, bound in parchment paper, etc. 12mo. 35 cents.

Will be widely read and enjoyed by all readers of this successful author.



From "AS 'TIS IN LIFE."



From "AS 'TIS IN LIFE."

A STERLING NOVEL

The Chicago Tribune Prize Story.

By a Hair's Breadth.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

READ WHAT THE PRESS HAS TO SAY OF IT.

"Her undoubted talents are of such an order that she may reasonably expect to attain high rank among the fictionists of her time."—*Chicago Herald*.

"The authoress of this work is a bright and rising novelist."—*N. Y. Press*.

"The incidents are ingenious and well wrought together. This work opens a new field of enterprise to the gifted and versatile authoress."—*Jamestown Journal*.

"This effort in the line of romance shows her power. Her pen is her weapon. She has shown what she can do. Her coming story, 'By Whose Hand?' will be looked for with interest. . . . It goes without saying that every advantage that the plot presents is taken. The detail work of the story is above criticism. 'From the introspective to the mystical is but a step.' This step has been taken by one of the brightest women this country has seen."—*Buffalo News*.

"'By a Hair's Breadth' is ingenious, free from affectation, and told with a degree of freshness and originality."—*N. Y. Sun*.

"It is the reportorial capacity wonderfully developed in Robert Fleming, the immensely clever reporter, that works up the Paul Raymond murder. 'By a Hair's Breadth' has merit, and Edith Sessions Tupper's hero knows by experience the advantages to be derived from the plentiful use of the blue lead pencil."—*N. Y. Times*.

"One of the brightest little stories that has come to us in some time. A terse dramatic style combined with the ability of painting striking descriptions with a touch of the brush shows that Mrs. Tupper is an artist of no mean ability, and her future work will be awaited with interest. Heretofore her work has been confined to lyrical poetry, but the story field should know her soon again."—*Morning Journal*.



VENICE.

From "On the Wing Through Europe."

WELCH, FRACKER COMPANY'S

EDITIONS OF

The Works of Charles Edward Barns.

.....

A VENETIAN STUDY

IN BLACK AND WHITE :

A drama-novel of stirring incident, clever intrigue, with a plot of startling development, the scenes shifting from Gotham to the city of the Dogs.

DIGBY: CHESS PROFESSOR :

A happy and unique drama-novel of New York life, the interest centering in an exciting game of chess.

A DISILLUSIONED OCCULTIST :

An East Indian episode, gathering interest from a home-bound student of Hindu occultisms, and the recital of his tragic history.

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS EACH, POST-PAID.

THE AMARANTH AND THE BERYL :

A volume of poetical works.

SOLITARIUS TO HIS DÆMON :

Thoughts and reflections of a thinker in search of new truths in nature and the heart of man.

12mo. Bond parchment-paper binding, exquisitely printed on antique laid paper, with engraved title-pages, etc.

FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.

NOW READY.

THE PITH OF A FEW ADVANCE

PRESS NOTICES :

"Barns' works appeal to the more thoughtful class of readers."—*Mercury*.

"These poems are the product of a deep dramatic instinct. . . . 'Solitarius to his Dæmon' is an excellent prose work."—*Telegram*.

"Mr. Barns' writings show the man of thought and culture. . . . Solitarius is a work worthy of admiration. In this his talents show to advantage."—*Journal*.

"A work of high philosophy."—*Press*.

"They touch a responsive chord, and furnish food for many a fanciful reverie."—*News and Courier*.

"Vigorous, equally clever, and abounding in the results of much reading and thinking."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Barns is a delightful essayist, and between his well-rounded periods is a rich mine of thought and philosophy, expressed in a most pleasing and impressive form. One of those books which is as pleasing in a second reading as in the first. . . . The poems are full of genius of the true point. . . . Our readers will find in these books a surprise and a delight."—*Christian at Work*.

"These drama-novels display much curious learning and a quaint humor."—*N. Y. Sun*.

"These works will prove a valuable addition to any library."—*San Francisco Call*.



From "IN WESTERN LEVANT."

"Barns has a fertile pen. His drama-novels are profuse in popular character, story and learning, written with marvellous fluency."...—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

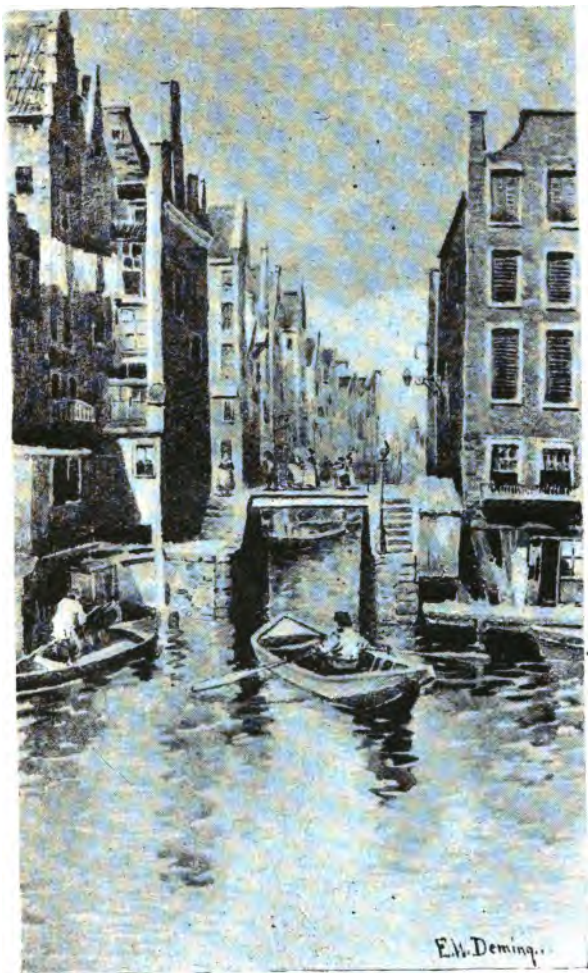
"Barns is capable of excellent word-painting, admirable technique, and moreover, a noticeably sweet and tender versification....Many of the poems combine a vigorous and rich harmony with virility and manly sentiment."—*Philadelphia Transcript*.

"In spite of many defects, it is more than borne upon the reader that here are books with a genuine message for the world. The writer is humble, earnest and hopeful; not daunted by conventions, nor driven into mistaking them for truths, but yet respectful of them, acknowledging their place in the world. His reading has been wide, if not indeed profound, and has furnished him with a rich treasury of reference and allusion, and more than all, he is a sturdy promoter of manliness,—a virtue more than slightly underrated by many of his contemporaries....Barns will find many readers."—*Boston Herald*.

"Barns' books are unique, exciting, and beautiful specimens of their art."—*Phila. North American*.

"They cannot but be appreciated by all who seek real literary gems."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

"A new writer has sprung into enviable prominence—a young poet, philosopher, and novelist, who has produced a series of volumes sufficiently original in thought and admirable in quality to merit the above titles.....These writings have been remarkably amiably handled by the critics throughout the country, considering that they abound in crudities and literary faults; but they are the errors of a genius. Not a single page of his books but bears an individuality not to be mistaken....A sincere student of nature in all its phases. As Barns is young, and has had exceptional advantages as regards study and travel, there is no reason why, with his talents, he should not become an important factor in the literature of the country...."—*New York Graphic*.



AMSTERDAM.

From "On the Wing Through Europe."



A MOROCCAN WELL.

" 'Solitarius' is a series of thoughtful, quaintly written essays.... These drama-novels are readable and pleasing productions by an author who revels in the eccentric.... The volumes are choice in design, and are the very flower of the printer's art."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

" These productions are thoroughly unique."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

" The drama-novels are awake and alive; and that is no small virtue when so many published books are torpid... 'The Venetian Study' is logical and impressive. The works of this author must be regarded as very promising."—*Boston Herald*.

" The drama-novels are capital stories, well told, and equally brilliant."—*Evening Telegram*.

" Barns is both a philosopher and a poet. His prose is stately, strong, and graceful; his poems are exalted in tone, majestic in style.... The drama-novels are the productions of a master of English, an artist in description, and display a rare versatility.... This young author's work is introduced to the public in a most attractive form.... The series is of great value."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

" Barns is thoroughly in earnest, and is filled with the consciousness of the solemnity of his mission, and of the urgent need there is in the world for the truth his art would teach.... The poems show a true, workmanlike touch, and 'Solitarius' is a work of truth and brilliancy."—*Chicago Tribune*.

" The author of these books has read much, travelled widely, and thought deeply, and is enabled to use these conditions with effect in his writings which are elevated in tone, in philosophy breathing a hopeful, independent spirit, while the reader is not allowed to forget that he is an American... The poems are distinguished by an elevation of sentiment, and a definite purpose."—*Albany Journal*.

"Barns is a thoughtful man and a skilful workman. The French, it is plain, have not a monopoly of epigrams. His works are worth reading for their thoughtfulness and their suggestiveness, a line often standing for a whole page, and occult thoughts are put in so rational a way as to disarm criticism and charm acceptance. As to eccentricities—well, who would live forever in a dull, flat country."—*Christian Union*.

"The versatility of this author is shown by the simultaneous issue of three volumes entirely distinct in scope and style. . . . The novels show dramatic power and a weirdness of imagination. . . The poems are reflective and philosophic often, and show a poetic fancy combined with depth of feeling. In 'Solitarius' there are scattered gems of thought, suggestive and inspiring."—*Brooklyn Times*.

"What a drama-novel is can only be imagined by one who has had the pleasure of reading Mr. Barns. . . . They are written in a light and amusing style. They are welcome."—*Nassau Lit. Review, Princeton College*.

"Ambitious in its serious thoughtfulness. His evident honesty and high purpose makes us wish him all they merit."—*Critic*.

"Well worthy all the refinements of the book-maker's art which they bear. Satire and wisdom alternate with commonplace phrases; but there is real thought beneath the words, and many of the strangest sentences are full of suggestion. Mr. Barns has had exceptional advantages and wide experience of many kinds of life, and he has evidently thought much before he has written at all."—*Writer*.

"New York's Rising Litterateur."—Article in *Chicago Herald*.

"These several works bear an individuality not to be mistaken. Of Mr. Barns' critics the hypercritical admit that here is an author who gives extraordinary promise of the future."—*The Author, Boston*.



From "AS 'TIS IN LIFE.



From "IN WESTERN LEVANT."

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

12 Oct '65 MF

AUTO DISC JUL 03 '90

REC'D LD

OCT 10 '65 - 3 PM

MAY 5 - 1971

REC'D LD APR 21 1971 - 10 AM 07

JUN 29 1991

Rec'd UCB ANTH

JUL 02 1990

LD 21A-60m-3,'65
(F2336s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

Digitized by Google

YB 0898

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARY



C022792045

